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FACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

COLONEL DONIPHAN'S JOURNEY OF DEATH

"BIGFOOT"
WILDMAN OF THE WOODS

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A PICTORIAL FIRST! ACTUAL PHOTOS OF SIOUX WARRIORS IN ACTION

BIG NOSE KATE
and other
LADIES OF TOMBSTONE

CALIFORNIA JOE:
CUSTER'S SCAN
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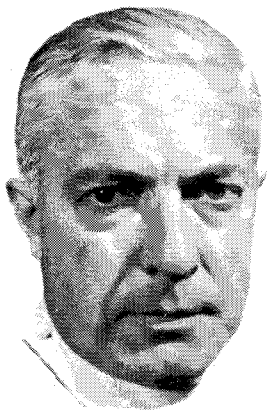

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

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Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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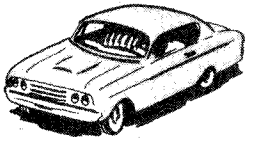

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01M

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Dear Sir:

I love to read TRUE FRONTIER and think you, your contributors, and readers have good sources of information. My son and I are trying to build a stage coach and our problem is that we need plans or prints to complete it. We are hoping someone may know where we may secure these. We already have a covered wagon, chuckwagon, mules, horses, etc. Now all we need are plans for a stage coach.

Harry Dove
16833 Ave. B
Channellview, Texas 77530

Dear Sir:

I am interested in learning more about my relatives who came to Oregon years ago in covered wagons. My father's mother was an Applegate born in Yoncalla, Oregon. My grandfather was Joseph Johnson who came to Wallowa, Oregon to homestead. My mother's father was Roderick McCrae and her mother was Lillie Webster. My mother's relatives are working on a family tree and we would appreciate any information your readers could supply.

Mrs. Ed Muilenburg
Rt. 1, Box 246
Molallo, Oregon 97038

Dear Sir:

In your May 1971 issue is a story entitled "The Trouble Shooter," which is about Lieutenant Corydon Eliphalet Cooley. We have relatives named Cooley who came from the east and settled in Arizona and we are wondering if it is the same family. We would greatly appreciate any information your readers can give us about the identity of Lieutenant Cooley's parents, sisters, brothers, or children.

Glen Bowse
Box 53
Newport, Wash. 99156

How about it, Readers . . . can we help these people out?

Dear Sir:

In the story "Narcissa Whitman" by Gerry Flemming, on page 21 of your December issue, you have pictures of Joe Meek and Jim Bridger. You have the names mixed. Jim Bridger is the man at the top and Joe Meek is the one at the bottom.

Harvey Boyer
New York, N.Y.

Sorry, we goofed! We had many letters about this and enjoyed hearing from you all.

Dear Sir:

In regard to an article in December's WESTERN BIT about Stetson Hats, you will be glad to know that a company in St. Joseph, Mo., has bought them out. They have a beautiful new building and are producing Stetson Hats once more.

Glen Carroll
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is my money order to renew my subscription to TRUE FRONTIER, which we enjoy very much. Because it is a clean, wholesome, magazine, we pass it on to the rest of the family to read and enjoy. We find it full of interesting history, people, dates, and topics. We started reading TRUE FRONTIER when it was a birthday present from our daughter in Pecos, New Mexico, who is a secondary school teacher there. I thank you.

Mrs. Willie A. Grijalva
Mimbres, New Mexico

No, Mrs. Grijalva, we thank you!

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TRUE FRONTIER

FACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

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TRUE FRONTIER is published bi-monthly by MAJOR MAGAZINES, INC., Sparta, Illinois. Executive, editorial offices at 235 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. Single copy price 50¢, subscription rate, $3.00, 6 issues. Not responsible for loss or non-return of manuscripts, photographs or illustration and all material must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entire contents copyright 1972. Printed in U.S.A.

No. 26

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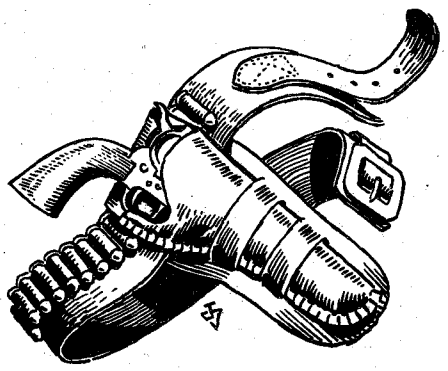
WESTERN BITS

by Doris Cerveri

Many people came out West because it was considered one of the healthiest places in the world. Perhaps it was, but more likely it was not. If its inhabitants doctored themselves with only a small portion of the outlandish concoctions featured in ads published by early-day newssheets, they were healthy, not because of self ministrations, but in spite of them.

Mexican Mustang Liniment, for instance, was a matchless remedy. A single bottle could save a human life or put a valuable animal back in service. It was the cheapest remedy in the world, for it penetrated from muscle to bone, usually with only one application! It promised to cure foot-rot, hoof-ailment, hollow horn, grub, and, in addition, was invaluable for bites and stings of poisonous insects. Miners would find it particularly helpful for burns, scalds, cuts, sprains, and for theumatism. Most liniments had a high alcohol content. No telling what would have happened if the miners drank Mexican Mustang Liniment!

* * *



* * *

Water is more precious than gold and, like gold, it has caused greedy men to fight over the rights to it on more than one occasion. Over 100 years ago, the president of the Lake Tahoe Water Company wanted the people of San Francisco to subscribe six million dollars to aid his enterprise to bring out the water of the lake into valleys of California. Nevada residents waxed indignant over such an idea, and as one humorous wag commented, "The president is truly a modest man. His proposal to rob Navadans of 137 million gallons of water, daily, proves that he is no petty thief." Needless to say, his grandoise scheme failed, and California valleys continue to be lush and green year after year without robbing Nevadans of their precious commodity.

* * *

Early day entertainment was simple but, usually, fun. One of the most popular diversions was libration of a greased pig. According to *The Nevada Appeal* of 1885 such an event wasn't always successful, however. In this particular instance a young porker, liberally greased with lard from the ribs of some of its "departed" relatives, was turned loose one evening at Carson City's skating rink. About 500 people turned out for the event; of these, some 400 were women. The paper reported that, when the pig was released, he looked around and, supposedly, the presence of so many ladies overwhelmed him. The shy little pig laid down and refused to budge. He wasn't stimulated by repeated nudging either. Finally the bashful porker was removed and sold to a Chinaman for $4.00, who promptly utilized the pig in chop suey. The audience had to return to their homes unsatisfied with the evening.

Women's quest for beauty provided a fertile field for quackery in the sale of cosmetics, even in frontier days.

A "ganteel" Englishwoman advertised that she could concoct any manner of excellent curiosities for preserving the face and hands. The ad indicated that red or gray hair could be transformed into lovely brown or black. That was not all . . . she also had a cosmatic which would take away spots and marks remaining after the pox.

Today's women sporting postiches, falls, and wigs had nothing on the ladies of the middle 1880's. Early issues of the *Carson City Daily Appeal reveal the* town had a swank hair-dressing and bathing emporium, where ladies "hair work" of all kinds was made up in the best substantial manner.

Men were vain, too. Primarily they were concerned with their hair, or the loss of it. They did not have to worry, though, because Professor Lyon's Kathoiron was the most perfect preparation in the world for preserving and beautifying the hair. Besides being a superlative hair dressing, it would positively prevent grayness and would restore new hair to bald heads, provided the roots and follicles were not already destroyed. "Bear in mind," the ad said, "this is no sticky paste of sulphur and sugar, or lead to paint and daub the hair, and paralyze the brain. It is a pure, limpid vegetable lotion, splendidly perfumed."

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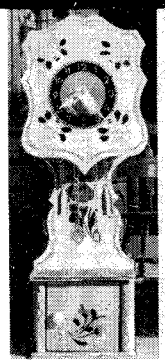

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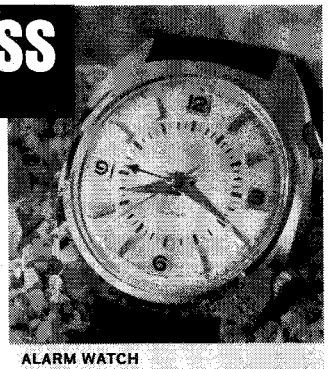

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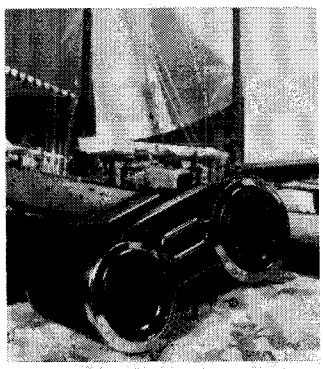

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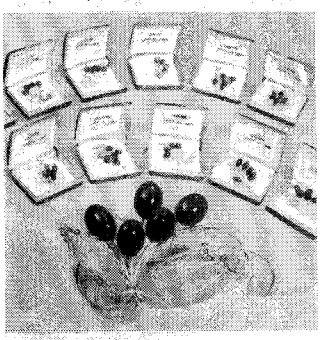

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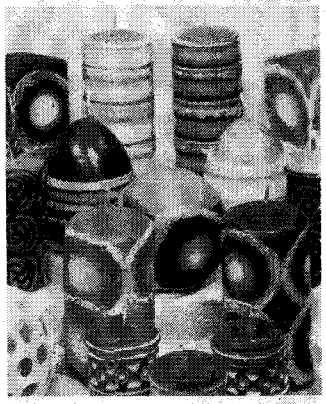

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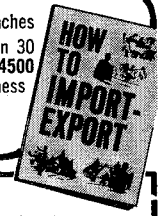

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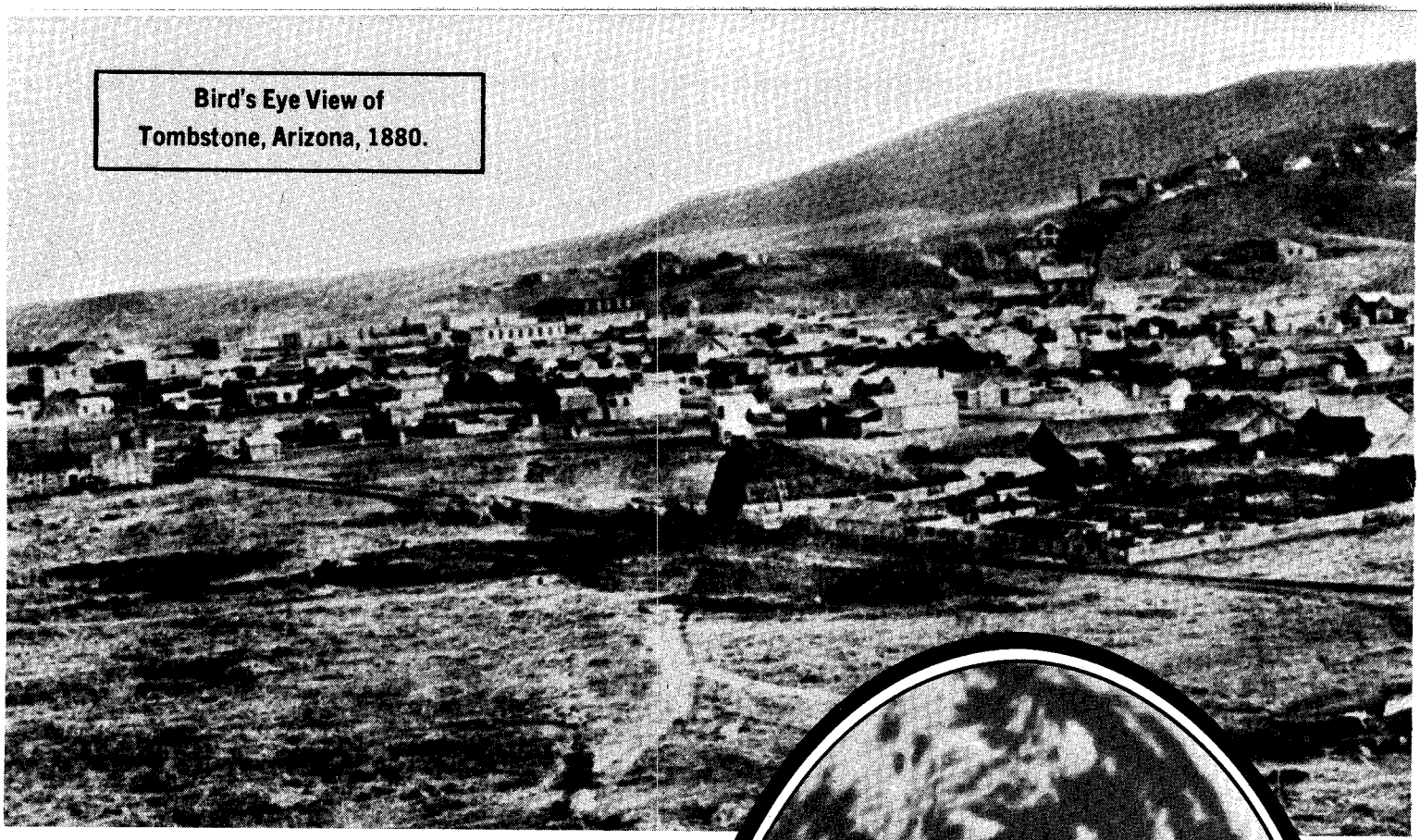

Bird's Eye View of
Tombstone, Arizona, 1880.

BIG

Big Nose Kate

Big Nose Kate, Doc Holliday's girlfriend, was the first to arrive in Tombstone.

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BIG NOSE KATE AND OTHER LADIES OF TOMBSTONE

by BEN T. Traywick

Some of the people who were welcomed most in the wild silver camp of Tombstone, were the ladies of the night. Of these, some were part-time entertainers hoping to strike it rich; others were simply ladies of joy trying to make enough to retire and live respectably; and others, of course, were just mercenary.

The arrival of these painted ladies was welcomed with wild celebrations. Their presence and their fancy houses added a bit of refinement. The women, themselves, offered pleasure, amusement, and companionship to the lonely man, as respectable women had not yet arrived.

Many of the ladies of sin assisted in the making of history in the roaring camp of Tombstone during the turbulent 80's.

Big Nose Kate is believed to have been the first madam to arrive in Tombstone. Her foremost claim to fame was as the girl friend of Doc Holiday. She was the only woman who was ever to come into his life in the west. Doc met her while he was dealing cards in John Shanssey's Saloon in Fort Griffin, Texas. She was what she was, and made no bones about it . . . Big Nose Kate Elder . . . a dance hall girl and prostitute.

True, her nose was prominent, but her other features were quite attractive. Her curves were generous and all in the right places. Tough, fearless, high-tempered, and stubborn, Kate was a prostitute because she liked being a prostitute. She belonged to no man and was controlled by no madam, but operated as an individual in any manner she chose.

Kate kept Doc from decorating a hang tree in Fort Griffin, and for that, he was eternally grateful. The two of them lived together for awhile, but the quiet life was not for Kate. She went back to the bright lights and excitement of the dance halls and gambling dens.

Still, when Doc headed west, Big Nose Kate followed him to Tombstone. She arrived in the same stage coach with Rowdy Kate Lowe and her common-law husband, Joe Lowe. All three of them had been invited to leave Dodge City or else. . . .!

Doc found Kate living quarters, sandwiched between a funeral parlor and the Soma Winery, on the north side of Allen at Sixth Street. Soon after her arrival in the "town too tough to die," Kate went into business. She bought a large tent, rounded up several girls, a few barrels of whiskey, and opened Tombstone's first sporting house.

Her partners in this venture were Joe and Rowdy Kate Lowe. Their only rule was to make sure no one left the premises carrying any money. The manner in which they separated the customers and their cash was unimportant. Money rolled in so fast from the reckless miners that Kate bought a frame house at the edge of town. Business was even better here. She served the worst whiskey in the Territory and her prices were determined by how drunk she thought the customer was.

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Joe Bignon, owner and manager of the Bird Cage Theatre.

Kate and the Lowes made a business of putting knock-out drops in the drinks of customers, who were foolish enough to flash a bankroll. The victim was robbed, then thrown into a wash behind the house to sleep it off and later wonder what happened.

Doc and Kate began living together again, but Doc continued his drinking and gambling, and Kate her business as a prostitute and madam. One night she got drunk and became unusually profane and abusive. Doc had enough so he threw her out, bag and baggage.

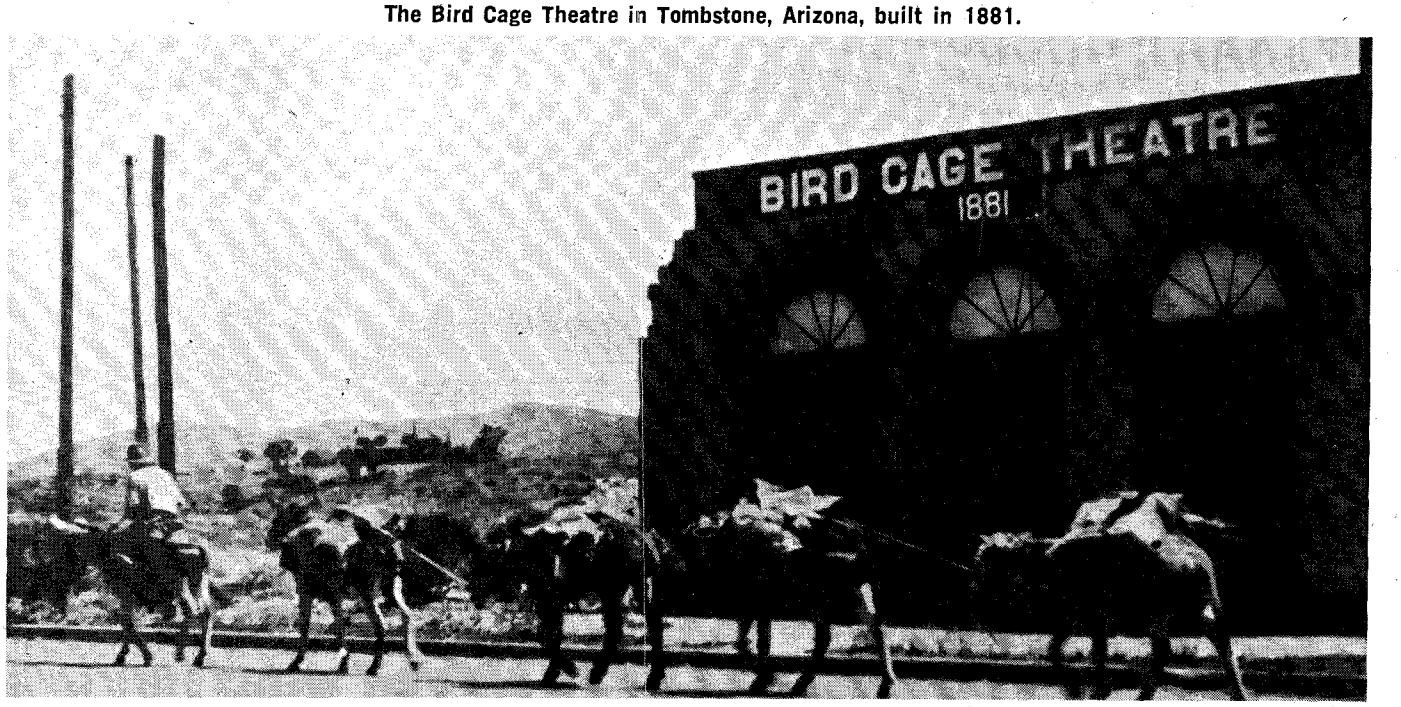
In her angry desire to get revenge on Doc, she swore that Doc had been involved in a stage cocah holdup. Doc had enough witnesses as to his whereabouts on the date in question to clear him. However, that was the end of the line as far as he was concerned. He gave her a $1,000 and put her on a stagecoach leaving town. This paid his debt to her in full; he never saw Big Nose Kate again.

By 1881, ladies of joy were quite numerous in Tombstone. A number of the more attractive prostitutes worked as performers at the Bird Cage Theatre. Older and less attractive women worked the dancehalls and saloons, 'cadging drinks from customers, for which they received a percentage. Almost all the night ladies lived in cribs or houses on Sixth Street, which was a restricted area. All the girls made money at their profession because women were scarce and their favors were much in demand.

Several times a year travelling shows arrived in town and the showgirls took a large slice of the prostitutes' business, at least temporarily. Probably the best remembered of the showgirls is Lizette, the Flying Nymph. Lizette was an unusually beautiful girl and her act was simply that of floating over the stage supported by wires so small that they could not be seen by the audience.

Apparently Lizette had unseen problems as she became a confirmed alcoholic and soon disappeared from Tombstone into the limbo of time and history.

The Bird Cage Theatre in Tombstone, Arizona, built in 1881.



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Oriental Gambling House (building with "X") where Doc Holliday plied his trade in Tombstone, Arizona. (U. of Oklahoma Library)

May Davenport was another who arrived with a travelling carnival. She quickly left show business when she saw that a woman with beauty, brains, and no moral character could name her own price in the old silver camp. She abandoned Tombstone when the big copper boom hit Cananea down in old Mexico. There, she opened a fancy sporting house that was soon known as May's Place. It was famous for its beautiful women and plush atmosphere all over the West.

Along in 1884, the French moved in on Tombstone's prostitution business. It was apparent that the houses were controlled by a well-organized syndicate. The first madam they sent to Tombstone was a lovely, young, woman known as Blonde Marie. She was a very good businesswoman and strictly a madam who did not indulge in the business under any circumstances.

Marie's place of business was a large, white house on Sixth Street. She ran her place with pride and quiet dignity. Every girl employed by her was French and exceptionally attractive. There was no bar, no drunks, and no fights as she only entertained the high-class gentlemen. Her girls were exchanged frequently so that the men of Tombstone had no opportunity to tire of the merchandise offered them. By the mid 1890's Blonde Marie had made and saved enough money to live in the style she desired. She retired and returned to France.

Another madam the French sent to Tombstone was Madame Moustache. She was given that name because of the dark hair growing on her lip. This female was no beauty and did not have the (Continued on page 44)

Big Minnie, wife of Joe Bignon. She was billed at the Bird Cage as "230 lbs.. of beauty in pink tights."

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THE BLACK COWBOY
WHO MADE THE FOLSOM DISCOVERIES

George McJunkin as a young man. Photo circa 1886.
(Collection of Mary L. Doherty)

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He was a respected, bronco-busting, top hand and the ranch foreman . . . but nobody listened when he talked about bones.

by Mary F. Germond

How long ago did man come into the New World? 1492? 1515? 1607? There are all good dates, and the dates were taught in school, but they refer only to European settlers of our country. The question is: When did the first man of *any* race set foot in North America? Stumped? Most of us are.

Scientists *thought* they knew the answer . . . within a reasonable range. But that was before they'd analyzed evidence discovered in a northern New Mexico arroyo, a site first spotted by a black bronc-rider, George McJunkin. So, if you'd asked an archeologist at the turn of the century, he'd probably have said something like: "Several hundred years before Christ."

McJunkin's find was the first link in a chain of evidence that would have the archeologists making large revisions in their estimates. McJunkin, foreman at Crowfoot Ranch, near Folsom, N. M., came upon the kill-site of big game hunters. But the hunters were gone . . . long gone.

The authors of *The Negro Cowboys* say there were about 5,000 black cowboys in the West after the Civil War, and among them, "One Negro cowboy will be remembered primarily by historians of science . . . He was George McJunkin . . ."

Into a northern New Mexico gulch, called Wild Horse Arroyo on the maps, rode this man, McJunkin, a son of slaves, searching for strays. It was a crisp autumn day in 1908, almost roundup time. A few days earlier, a cloudburst over these high plains flooded the vega, foundering the neighboring frontier village of Folsom. This had been heavier than the typical August gully-washer, a real toad-strangler. Water had cascaded off the Johnson Mesa, flooded the arroyos, scoured their banks, shifted their gravel, silted their beds. This gigantic rainstorm was later to clue the archeologists when they pieced together the evidence.

McJunkin knew that arroyo, knew it as well as the back of his square, brown hand. Not only had he worked cattle out of there many a time, but often had fetched up arrowheads from its bottom. (Indians, stalking buffalo and each other, had crossed and recrossed this land for thousands of years.)

His little horse shook his forelock and twitched his ears as McJunkin kneed him toward the trail descending into the Arroyo. Swaying in the saddle, the stocky, copper-colored, man crooned cautions as the horse picked his way among the barbarous boulders and tested the loose rock. At bottom, spooked by the clutter of twigs and gravel, the horse stumbled and almost went down.

McJunkin dismounted, turned this horse loose to picnic on the sugary mesquite beans, and started toward the south fork of the arroyo where he'd often found windies grazing or ruminating. At the fork, he stopped to take a long look down the canyon. He fished in his pocket for cigarette makings, poured tobacco into the brown-paper through, teethed together the string on

Worker points to embedded bones at Folsom excavation site. (Paleo-Indian Institute, Dept. of Anthropology, Eastern N.M. University)

the bag, and was rolling the paper tube, when he noticed something funny sticking out of the wet-dark wall of the canyon.

What were those things bulging out of the banks? The inquisitive cowman moved in on the wall to take a look. Moving across the creek's bed was slow slogging, silted as it was with a mixture of wet sand and clay.

"The muddiest mud this side of Dodge City," McJunkin complained to himself. But his curiosity was only sharpened as his pace, slowed by the dark batter, made the lifting of each booted foot a conscious effort. "Certainly looks like large cow bones from here. Must be about 6-8 feet down from the top."

He finally reached a point opposite the biggest bulge in the wall. No! It was not a cow's bones. Too big for any old cow. Horns were all wrong too. Then he caught sight of the spine. Humpy it was, and big. Yes, siree, too big for cow-critters. Legs all wrong too. Looked like there might be more bones in there, deeper. How'd these bones get down so far? How come he'd never noticed off into the draw during a blizzard? How'd they get here?

He ran his hand across some of the bones. Picked up an oak branch and scraped around the bones. Nothing came loose. Then, he pushed back his Stetson, pulled his red-neckerchief up to mask out dust, and fell to with a sharp piece of stone. Nothing. He decided to come back with a mattack. *Mañana.* He whistled up his pony and continued on his errand. MacJunkin was no scientist, but he knew he'd found something more unusual that the bleached bones of long-dead cattle.

From that day, on he talked to people about those bones. "Too big for cattle bones," he insisted. Buffalo bones? "More like Buffalo bones, but too big for buffalo bones too." He kept trying to get somebody knowledgeable to take a look. For years McJunkin talked about those bones to anyone who'd listen. To Tom Owens, the uncle of Mary

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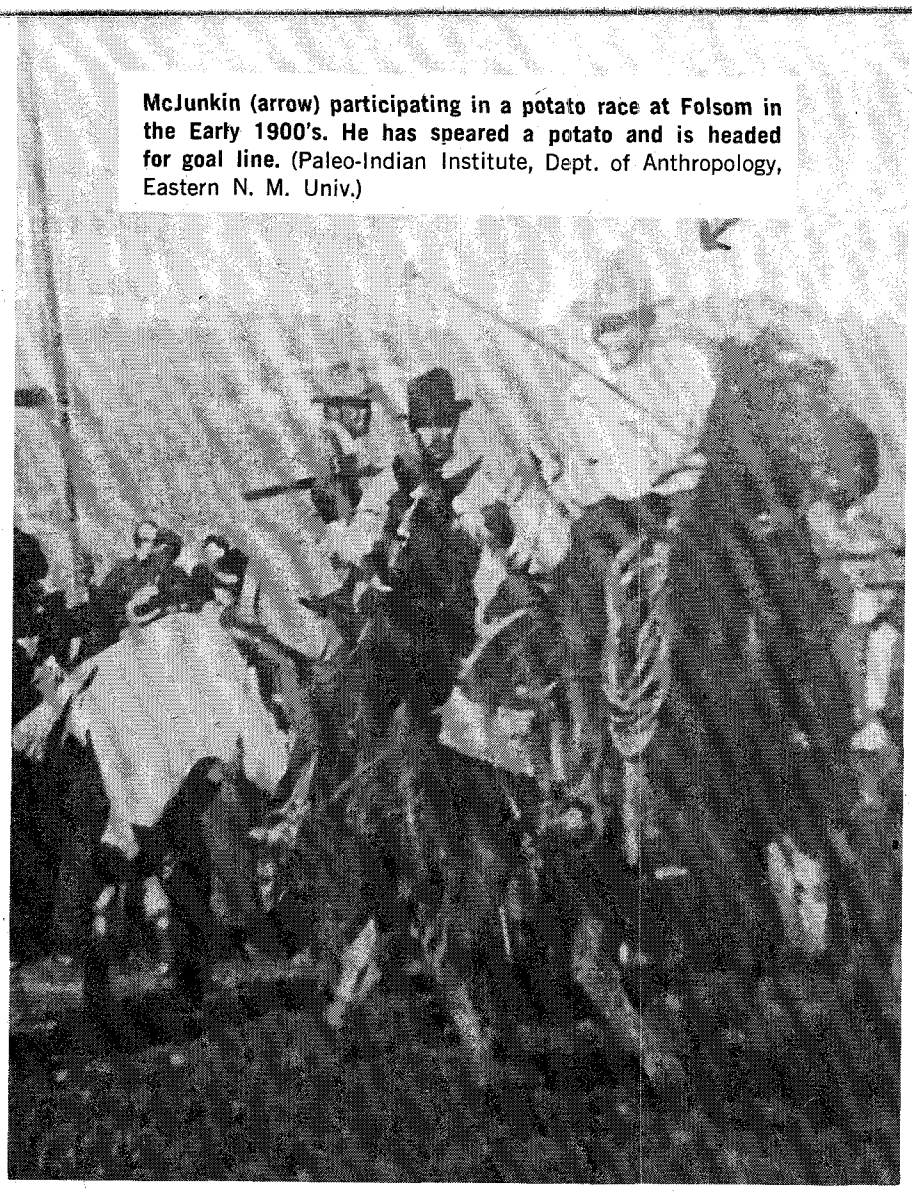

McJunkin (arrow) participating in a potato race at Folsom in the Early 1900's. He has speared a potato and is headed for goal line. (Paleo-Indian Institute, Dept. of Anthropology, Eastern N. M. Univ.)

Laurine Doherty, she says. To his father, says Condido Archuleta. To Ivan Shoemaker, he tells us; and to the fellows over on the adjoining T-O Ranch, according to several of the old hands. How could the ranchmen know that George's find would one day shake students of prehistory and make Folsom a part of archeology's vocabulary?

It wasn't that McJunkin's neighbors meant to put him down or to belittle his find. The truth was, most people were too busy just surviving to take an interest in old bones weathering out of walls of that tributary of the Dry Cimarron.

Between the convulsions of nature and the treachery of man, these ranchers and grangers had their hands full: Blizzards, droughts, cloudbursts, prairie fires, and flash floods. Rustlers, fence-cutters, range-warriors, and otherwise good hombres who just couldn't bear to see an unbranded calf (whether or not they had a claim on it). The razzing they gave McJunkin was no more than any cowman would've gotten; a time-passer around the corral, the chuckwagon, or the bunkhouse.

Matter of fact, McJunkin was well established as a top hand and bronco-buster long before he'd made his find. Recruited from Circle Diamond in the Colorado Rockies, McJunkin had broken horses for several New Mexico spreads . . . Pitchfork, 101, and Hereford Park . . . before he signed on as ranch foreman at Crowfoot. Crowfoot, up there on the Johnson Mesa, within hollering distance of the Colorado state line, included within its borders the arroyo where McJunkin sighted the bones. Respect for McJunkin's ability showed up in more than pretty talk from his employers. Since a good bronco-buster was a treasure not to be regarded lightly, George always had plenty of those big silver cartwheels doled out to him at the end of the month—plenty to put away for ". . . a forty-dollar saddle for a ten-dollar cayuse . . ." Not since a young sprout, had he been forced to work cattle on one of the starveout spreads.

But of all the people who heard about McJunkin's find of a strange bone bed, it was to be Fred Howarth who finally got the scientific eye focused on it. Milling around the mesa, are varying accounts of how and where Howarth originally heard of McJunkin's discovery. However, old-timers in the neighborhood agree that Howarth, a cattle inspector for the Raton Bank, sparked interest among local, amateur, naturalists and historians, and eventually attracted the attention of scholars of old bones. Once he was convinced there was something to see, Fred Howarth organized a party of Raton worthies to drive out to the site.

Just before Christmas, 1922, the party rode out of Raton up onto the Johnson Mesa, and headed for wild Horse Arroyo. Included in the group was Father Aull, padre at Raton's Catholic Church; James Campbell, a taxidermist; Mr. Bonahoon, later to be Raton's police chief; Howarth; and Carl Schwachheim. (Schwachheim was to be very important to later historians of the event because he remained interested and kept a diary.)

According to Schwachheim's diary, he and Jim Campbell worked over the bones they'd extracted from the site, spending all of one evening in the Campbell's kitchen with the bones and various paleontological references. They were trying to decide whether the bones had once supported an antelope, an elk, or a bison. For a long time afterward, Howarth tried to interest museum or university people in the bones. It was more than 3 years before he got results.

"After failing to interest New Mexico institutions in the find, Howarth and Schwachheim took the material to the Denver Museum in January 1926," writes Miss Anderson of the staff of the University of Colorado. "To J. D. Figgins, director of the Museum, went Fred Howarth and the diary-keeping blacksmith, Schwachheim, with a "large bag of bones." Figgins consulted with Paleontologist, Harold Cook, and agreed they ought to go down to Folsom. In early spring, Figgins and Cook went into the oak-fringed arroyo. Excavations got underway in June.

Later, Cook described the site in an article in Scientific American as ". . . near the head of a mountain valley in an area whose rocks are mostly lavas overlaying cretaceous formations far too old to contain evidence of this kind. . . ."

McJunkin had been correct.

Scientists Figgins and Cook agreed that those bones were more significant than mere cattle bones. They declared them to be the fossils of prehistoric bison, extinct since the last Ice Age; the great-great-granddaddies of the modern buffalo.

(Continued on page 47)

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CALIFORNIA JOE:

California Joe with his trusted 50 caliber Sharps and a hound dog presented him by the Custers. This 1875 photo shows Joe relaxing on the famous Professor Jenney's Black Hills Expedition. (Courtesy United States Signal Corps)

CUSTER'S SCANDALOUS CHIEF OF SCOUTS

His job lasted about as long as a good bottle of whiskey would to a thirsty frontier soldier.

by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom

The Hollywood film makers certainly have a way of twisting history around and somewhat denting it to fit a script for a production. One such movie was released by Warner Brothers in 1941 titled, "They Died With Their Boots On." Errol Flynn starred as General Custer, the dashing cavalry hero of the Civil War and western plains, with Olivia de Haviland as his lovely wife Elizabeth. As the motion picture builds toward a dramatic battle sequence, a rather rugged old character is introduced about mid-way. Sitting in an army wagon and heading for Ft. Lincoln is Elizabeth Custer and the driver.

After a short opening conversation, the teamster bellows, "Shucks, I kin spit in a prairie dog's eye at fifty feet. N'nobody kin beat California Joe . . . when it comes tu spittin'." A whip cracks over the horses'

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Custer's four trusted scouts. Left to right: Will "Medicine Bill" Comstock, chief of scouts; Ed Guerrier, a half-blood Cheyenne; Thomas Adkins, a courier; and "California Joe" (Moses E. Milner), chief of scouts, prospector, and Indian fighter. (Courtesy Colonel Brice C. W. Custer)

heads. "And who's California Joe?" questioned Miss de Haviland in her role as Custers wife. "Wh . . .," and then breaking into a hardy laugh, ". . . thet's me."

From that point on in the picture, the script writers had California Joe follow Custer right up to the Battle of the Little Big Horn and its final moments. Not that the inaccuracy of the movie created any great confusion by arm-chair historians, but it did leave the audience believing he died with his commander at the hands of the hostile Sioux. It is no small wonder that nothing more has been written about this famous scout, after "Hollywood" led him to the slaughter.

The mysterious halo no longer lingers about the identity of Moses Embree Milner, better known to his followers and friends as "California Joe." Like most frontiersmen of the plains, he had been given this nickname by his buckskinned cronies, for no other reason other than to suit themselves. Such was the custom of the times. California Joe was better known for his scouting with the army and the many campaigns against hostile Indians, but this pilgrimage reaches further back in his early life.

As a young man he had learned the ways of the mountainmen where hunting and skinning became a busy profession during the early American Fur Trading days. Serving in the Mexican war, young Joe began to make a name for himself. And when the California streams surrendered their gold nuggets in great quantities, Joe was among the first to file claim with much success. Gun battles were mostly common on the frontier, and Joe always displayed his coolness and accuracy whenever questioned. Considering all the gun fights he walked away from, it is strange California Joe was never labeled a gunfighter.

The first attempt at a biography of Moses E. Milner was J.W. Buel's "Heroes of the Plains" which had won wide circulation in the 1880's and 1890's . . . and was accepted as authentic reading. At the time the book was first released, author Buel made certain implications that he knew each of the plainsmen mentioned in his book. His accounts of California Joe are based on pure fiction from beginning to end. The so-called mystery which shrouded California Joe has been thoroughly gilded by an author who wanted to build a frontier image.

California Joe was born on his father's plantation near Stanford, Kentucky, on May 8th, 1829. He was the oldest of four children. There followed George, Eliza, and Jenny, the youngest. Born Moses Embree Milner, the middle name was for his father, Embree Armstead Milner, who had been one of George Washington's soldiers during the Revolutionary War, and fought against the British in the War of 1812. His mother's name was

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Sarah Ann Miller, who bowed to her husband's law of making a young and honest frontierman out of Joe. Probably much of the fighting traits that young Joe inherited came from his ancestors who had hacked their way through the wilderness of Virginia since 1683; battling Indians to survive.

Little Joe quickly learned the arts of woodcraft and, at the tender age of fourteen, was recognized as one of the steadiest rifle shots throughout the Kentucky wilderness. His rifle, being of a large bore, gave him the practice that in years to come made him one of the greatest all-round shots in the west. Shouldering his Kentucky rifle and explaining to his parents that he was off on another extensive deer hunt, Little Joe started out for the wilderness with the intention of getting more elbow room. Kentucky was too thciky populated to suit him.

St. Louis was his destination, the Gateway to the west, where expeditions were already being made up and strong, able-bodied, men were joined into small parties. Little Joe signed on to a party of twelve, becoming the youngest apprentice trapper and mountain man. St. Louis was certainly an exciting and fast-growing metropolis. Compared to the thousands of residents, there was by far a larger, floating, population of French-Canadian voyagers, merchants from the east, emigrant farmers, and friendly Indians. Street corners and saloons echoed to the babel of English, French, and a dozen or more Indian tongues. Fur was the subject, usually beaver, whose glossy pelt supplied material for the gentlemen's top hat of the day.

There were many exciting exploits in the mountains with old cronies showing him (*Continued on page 50*)

General George Armstrong Custer, who his chosen chief of scouts asked, "Are you an ambulance man or a horse man?" (Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society)

The Battle of The Washita. (Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society)

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A PICTORIAL FIRST!

ACTUAL PHOTOS OF SIOUX WARRIORS IN ACTION

In the 1800's, white photographers often put their lives in jeopardy when trying to obtain pictures of Indian tribes and rituals.

by Ronald J. Morgan

Little did the proud Sioux of the Northern plains realize shortly after their victory at the Little Big Horn, on June 25, 1876, their old free life was beginning to die. The four great bison herds, the Northern, Republican, Arkansas, and Texas, were all but gone. The buffalo were the mainstream of Sioux life, virtually nothing was wasted. The head was used in many sacred ceremonies, the hides provided shelter and robes. The ribs were used in the making of the pony-drags, or travois, and the tails were used as whips or tipi decorations. Buffalo hooves were ground up and a paste made to glue the feathers on the Sioux arrow.

In the old days, before reservations were established, the Dakota were an active roaming tribe. After a large buffalo hunt, the men would sit together and smoke the pipe, while the women cooked the delicious rump roast, favorite meat of all the Plains Indians.

The woman's work was never done. Her duties included making, repairing, and moving the tipis. Often several women would work together, erecting and dismantling the huge tipis. They were expected to make all the clothing needed for each member of the family, including the beautiful beadwork. If a

The last council meeting between thee Sioux and the U.S. Government, held in South Dakota in 1908. Standing is Sioux Chief American Horse and sitting in the rocking chair is Chief Red Cloud. (Author's collection)

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An actual photograph of the Sioux Sun Dance! This was **their way of thanking the Great Spirit for a successful war or buffalo hunt. This photo was taken at the Pine Ridge Sioux Reservation, South Dakota, in 1889.** (Author's collection)

Sioux bride was fortunate enough to have a daughter, or adopted daughter, her chores were lightened. While the Indian woman cooked or mended her husband's moccasins, the young daughter might gather firewood or chokecherries or tepia; a wild, prairie, turnip.

The womenand girls also hauled water and wood to camp. They prepared all meals, and were obligated to feed and water all the tribe's horses and dogs. Their whole lives revolved around their warrior husbands. If a Sioux warrior desired more than one wife, which was accepted in their culture, he was expected to marry his wife's sister, or sisters. This would cause less friction and jealousy between the women.

Aside from all these duties, the women still found time for childbearing, women's games (such as cards and dice), various organizations and societies, fraternities and socializing!

The Dakota hunter and warrior was expected to provide food and shelter. He was obligated to protect the tribe against enemy attacks, and, whenever possible, steal Crow and Blackfeet horses.

A Hunkpapa warrior, Woman Heart, not to be confused with the Kiowa of the same name, told the story of his

Chief Iron Shell, a Sioux tribal leader, hunter, warrior, and spokesman; a man well loved by his Dakota people (Author's collection)

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The Sioux War Dance! Rare photo of the Sioux warriors dancing in the Black Hills. (Author's collection)

Long Bull, a Sioux Indian and veteran of the Battle of The Little Big Horn. (Author's collection)

Sioux Indian woman. Her English name was Mrs. Locke. Her Indian name was White Buffalo Cow. (Author's collection)

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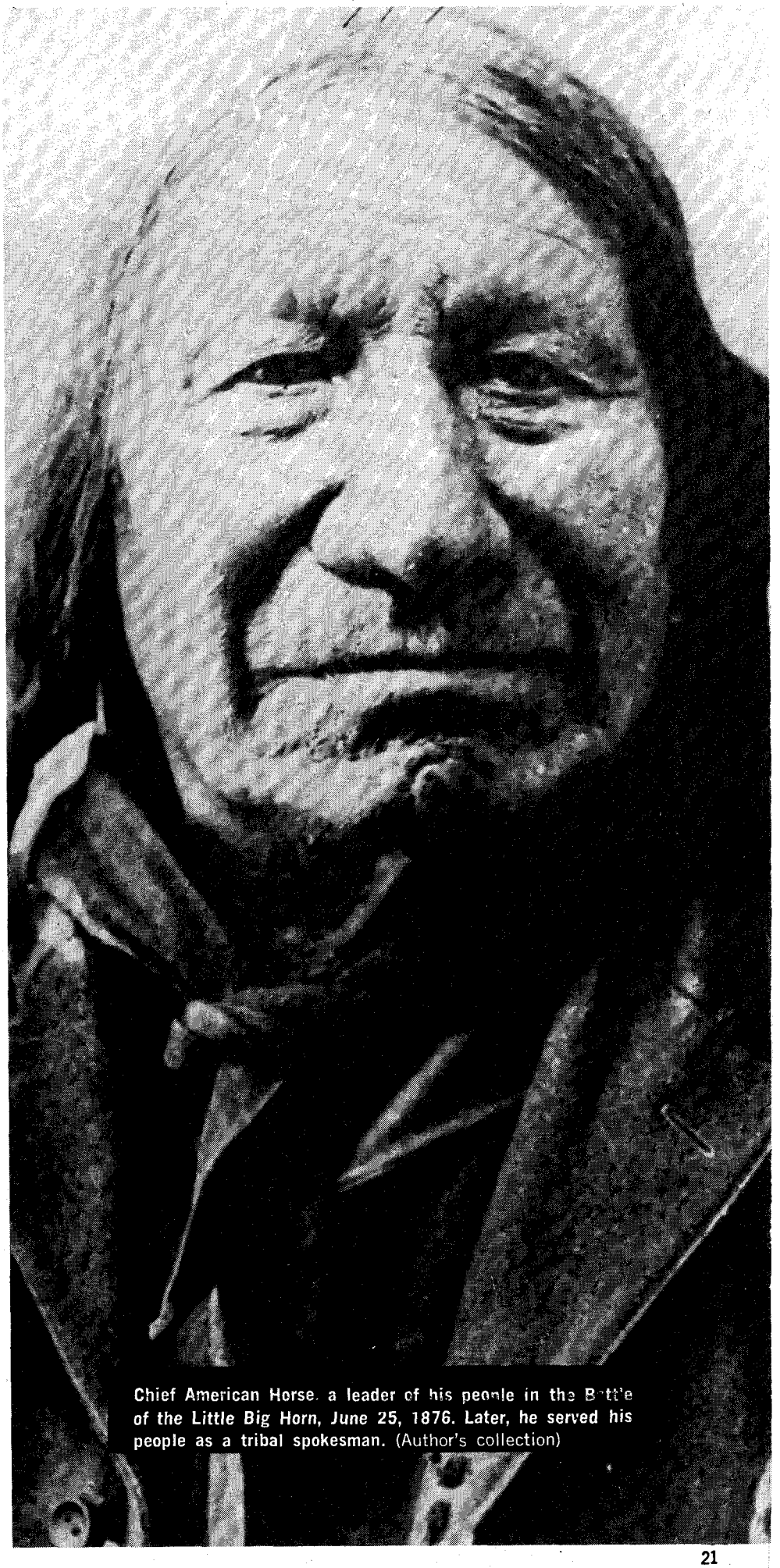
life to a reporter in 1931. (Woman Heart was 98 years old in 1931 and told his story thru an interpreter). Woman Heart recalls:

"In my youth the Hunkpapa raided our old enemies, the Shoshoni, Blackfeet, and Crow. It was a great honor for us to take the *tow-ka* (*enemy*) horses. Sometimes we would find other Indian bands in our buffalo country; this would not be good. They were looking for food for their people, but came up into our hunting grounds. Then we would make much noise by shouting and waving our blankets. This was done to scare away all the buffalo from them because, if we were all killed in a fight with them, at least they would not have a successful hunt. When our people went hunting we always watched for other In-bands, if we had a fight with them we made quick medicine to *Wakan-Tanka* (Woman Heart means he said a fast prayer) and prepared our bodies in a sacred manner, but in an emergency there was no time for that."

The Sioux believed it was better to



Chief American Horse, a leader of his people in the Battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. Later, he served his people as a tribal spokesman. (Author's collection)

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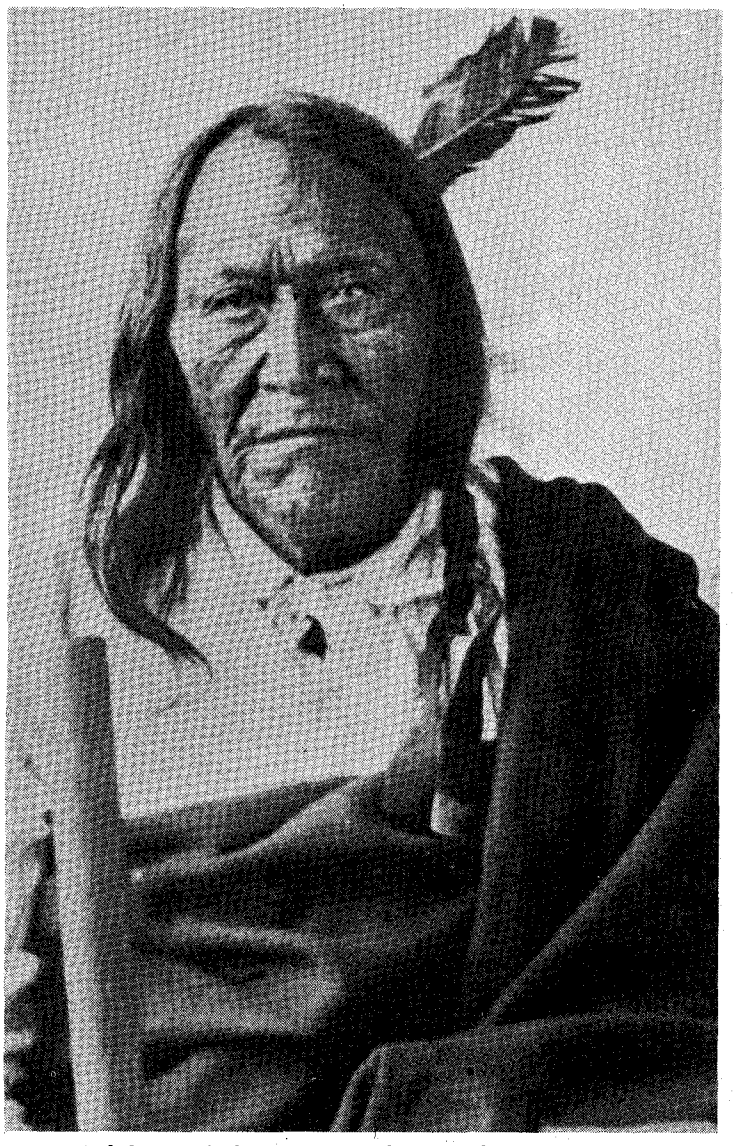

Chief Two Strikes of the Sioux Nation. This was another famous Dakota chief who fought in the Battle of the Little Big Horn; and was a veteran of many Indian wars and buffalo hunts. Photo taken circa 1890. (Author's collection)

Chief Red Cloud, his son, Jack Red Cloud, and his granddaughter. Red Cloud was not present at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. His people were at peace with the whites at that time, but a few years before, Red Cloud was instrumental in closing the Bozeman Trail. Photo taken circa 1908 when Red Cloud was nearly 100 years old and almost blind. (Author's collection)

die a young man in battle, than to die an old helpless man in the tipi. A warrior gained glory and prestige by killing an enemy or stealing his horses.

After the introduction of Army rifles to the Sioux, it became a challenge to touch a live enemy, but not kill him. This was known as counting coup. A warrior earned one eagle feather for each horse or enemy he touched. Woman Heart continues:

"Our people were brave and hard fighters. One feather was earned by each deed. I have rushed the Blackfeet and touched one and rode away. They were our bitter enemies, but I will say they were brave fighters. *Koka-hay! Th*. were hard warriors to beat. My uncle was killed in a fight with them when I was twelve years old.

It was best if someone saw you strike an enemy in a fight. If no one saw you perform your feat, you might stand up in council and declare it so. You must tell the truth. However, sometimes there would be a big quarrel over who made the first touch. Then the chiefs would say "forget it," meaning no one got credit for that deed. Some warriors counted second and third coup on one body, but the first was the most important. My father, old Touch-The-Clouds, had two war bonnets with so many feathers they hung down both sides of his horse to the ground.

"The white people should know also about our feathers. The warrior-hunters of our Hunkpapa band had to kill the eagles for the feathers. Sometimes a year would pass before an eagle was caught. Then the warrior-hunter would collect his feathers; but, by then, he had earned more feathers and had to wait on another eagle. Many old warriors died without all of their feathers."

This was the Sioux way of life, hunting and fighting to protect the tribe. Each year more and more whites settled in the Indian country. Treaties were signed with one tribe after another; the Cheyenne, Arapaho, Crow, Kiowa, Comanche and Sioux.

Originally the treaties were merely promises of peace, an agreement to let various wagon trains pass undisturbed through Indian land. Later, greedy Indian agents and government officials hired French and mixed-blood Indians to act as official interpreters. Allegedly, they were often paid to say what the Indians wanted to hear, instead of what the treaties said. Often the "treaties" were in reality an agreement to sell vast portions of Sioux lands. This is how several tribes were fooled into signing.

In the event no chief or tribal leaders were available, government officials appointed their own spokesman. This made the real chiefs and leaders furious, saying the treaties were illegal. This is one of the reasons the Sioux chose the warpath against the white man. By December of 1890, and the Wounded Knee massacre, the old Sioux way of life had been crushed. ●

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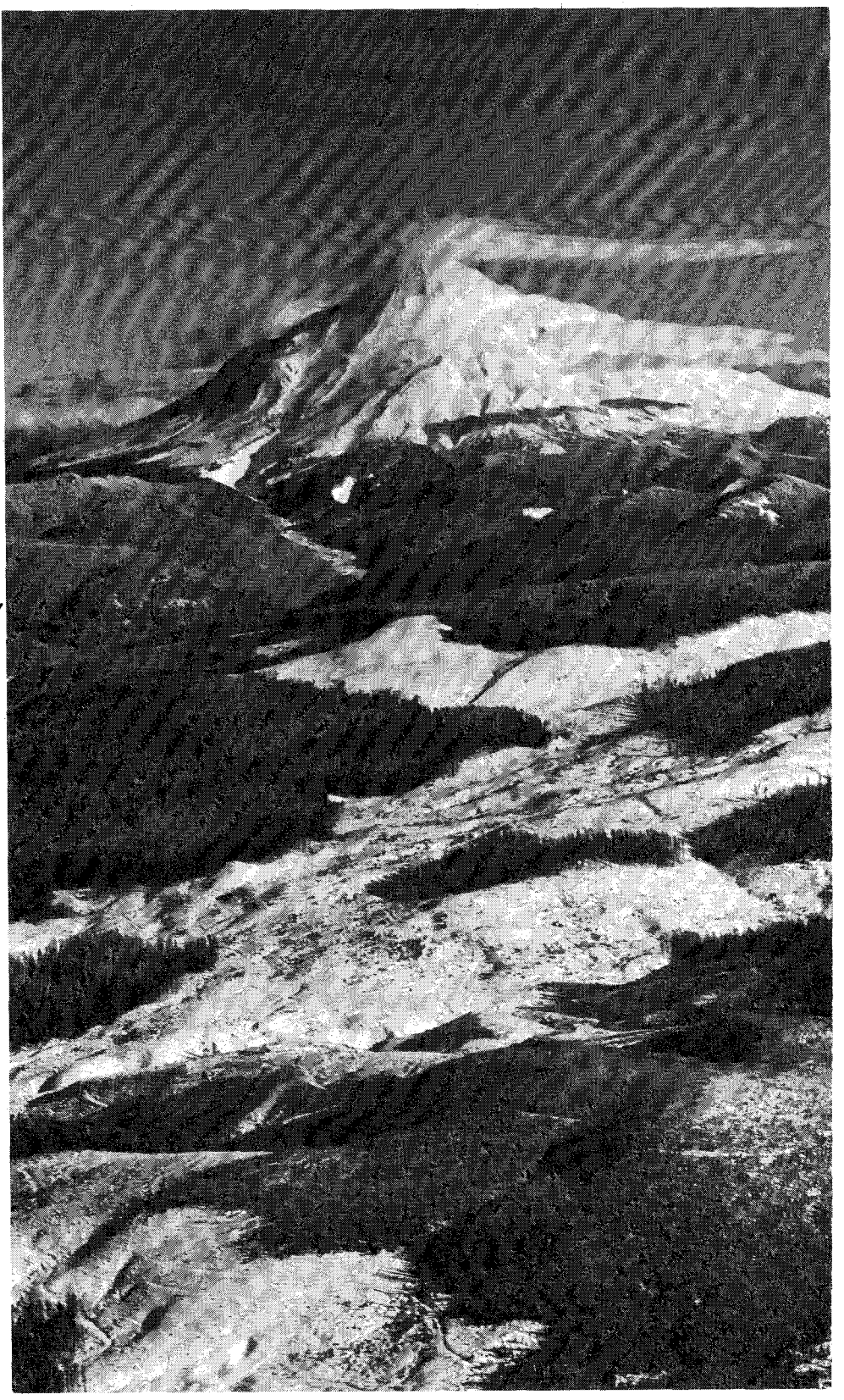
"BIG FOOT" MYSTERIOUS WILDMAN OF THE WOODS

An unknown species over 8 feet tall, with hands 12 inches wide and human-like feet, who walks erect.

by C. J. Lind



Mt. St. Helens, Washington State, where Sasquatch sightings are common.
(Courtesy Washington State Library)

For over 100 years people in the northwest have been reporting seeing either huge tracks or sightings of immensely large human-like apes covered with thick hair. Even Indian legends tell of this unknown species; the Kwakiutl Tribe speak of Bukwas, the wild man of the woods. Many other tribes throughout British Columbia, Oregon, and Washington have made ceremonial masks representing the Sasquatch. The heavy ornate mask has an abundance of hair covering the head and bears strong resemblance to what Sasquatch hunters believe the creature looks like.

Reports about the Sasquatch indicate he is manlike because he walks upright and can always run in an upright position, distinguishing him from a bear which runs on four paws. Further, the Sasquatch has apelike features, buttocks (part of the homo sapiens' build providing balance and the ability to walk upright, not found on apes), and the physical and mental abilities

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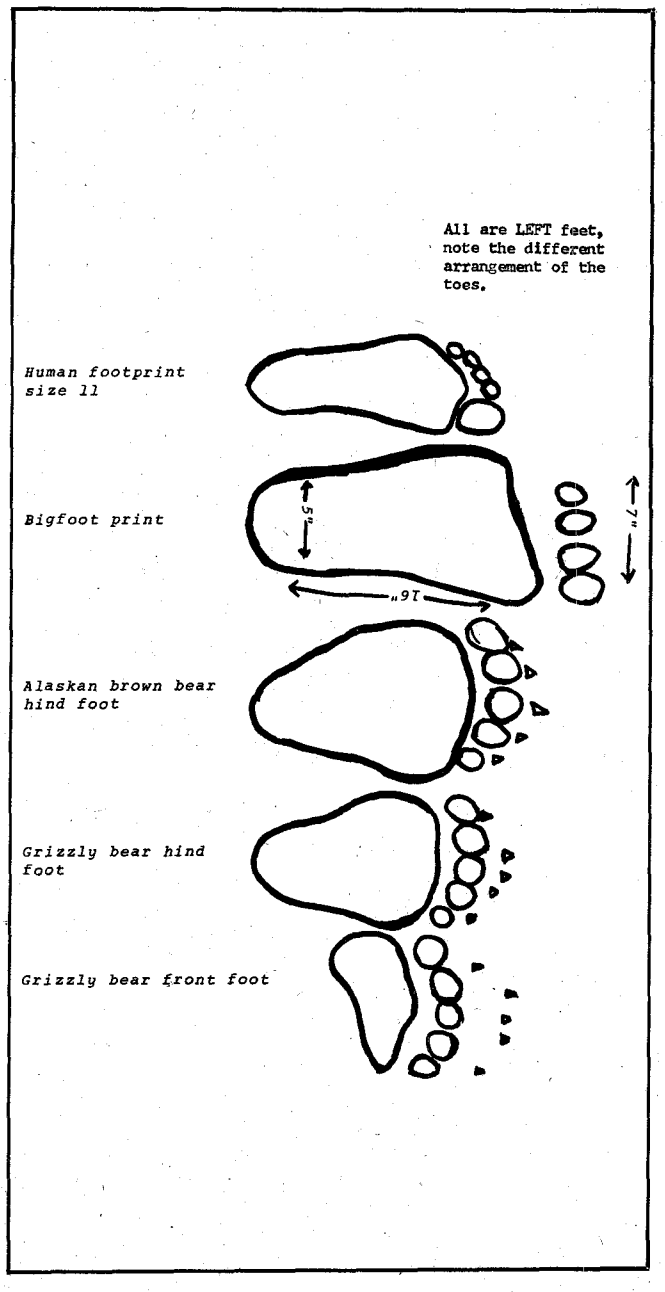

Author's sketch illustrating difference in footprints.

of animals. According to tracks which have measured 16 to 17 inches, comparable to a size 11 of a man's foot, the Sasquatch must be at least 800 to 900 pounds, due to depth of the sink of the track. In physical structure, the Sasquatch must be at least eight feet in height.

Except for sightings, the most positive evidence that a Sasquatch might exist are the footprints. In shape, the tracks resemble flat-footed humans except that there are four toes rather than five. The tracks leave the long stride pattern of something that walks on two feet instead of four.

Those people who have met face to face with a Sasquatch, and still aren't too certain about what they saw, agree on one thing. The Sasquatch smells. It has a rancid odor, like perhaps a person who hasn't taken a bath in years. One person described the Sasquatch as smelling like a "cow that's been dead and moldy for a couple of months."

"Sasquatch" is a name thought up by government agent John Burns of the Chehalis Indian Reserve near Vancouver, B.C. Combining several Indian names for monsters, he gave the "unknowns" their name.

The most common name for the Sasquatch is "Bigfoot." Sasquatch, or Bigfoot, according to the Indians, has been around a long time. Off the northern coast of British Columbia are islands where Indian fishing villages have been located for generations. The sight of an "ape" was not novel to the Indians, who observed the creature on land and in the water.

Early explorers pushing into the Northwest left no record of seeing Bigfoot, perhaps because they knew no one would believe them, perhaps because there was no one to report the incident to, or perhaps because many of the mountain men and fur traders were unable to read or write.

One of the rare exceptions was David Thompson, surveyor and trader for the Northwest Company, who was competing in a race with representatives of John Jacob Astor's Pacific Fur Company. The winner would be the first to establish a post at the mouth of the Columbia River.

Thompson made the mistake of trading guns to the enemies of the Blackfoot tribes. The Blackfoot wouldn't allow him to follow his route into the mountains by way of the North Saskatchewan River, so Thompson detoured north to the valley of the Athabaska. During his struggle with the winterly elements of 1811, he wrote in his daily journal of seeing tracks:

"I saw the Track of a large Animal — has 4 large Toes abt 3 or 4 In long & a small Nail at the end of each. The Ball of his Foot sank abt 3 In deeper than his Toes — the hinder part of his Foot did not mark well. Very much resembles a large Bear's Track. It was in the Rivulet in abt 6 In. snow."

Years later, when Thompson prepared for publication his "Narrative," he elaborated more about the tracks.

". . . the hinder part of the foot did not mark well, the length fourteen inches, by eight inches in breadth, walking from north to south, and having passed about six hours. We were in no humour to follow him: the Men and Indians would have it to be a young mommoth and I held it to be the track of a large old grizled Bear; yet the shortness of the nails, the ball of the foot, and its great size was not that of a Bear, otherwise that of a very large old Bear, his claws worn away; *this the Indians would not allow.*"

Seeking to explain the possibility of the tracks, the editor placed this notation at the bottom of the page: "The measurements of this track . . . 14 inches x 8 . . . fall within those recorded for Grizzly Bears . . . The shortness of the claws may be explained by the fact that Grizzlies' claws are worn very short during the open season and grow long again while the animal is hibernating" But the editor hadn't been at the scene to hear the Indians and French with Thompson. They did not believe it was a bear track because grizzlies have five toes, not four.

Another incident was recorded by the *New Orleans Times Picayune,* May 16, 1851:

A WILD MAN OF THE WOODS

The Memphis Enquirer gives an account of a wild man recently discovered in (*Continued on page 56*)

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WHAT IS A MADSTONE?

Before the researches of Louis Pasteur led, in 1885, to successful inoculation against rabies, the remedy was a "madstone." ***(All sketches to illustrate this article were done by the author especially for TRUE FRONTIER)***

by Louise Riotte

The origin of the "madstone," like that of the "bezoar" stones, has been lost in the mists of time but is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It was considered to be efficacious not only against rabies, but against the bites of poisonous snakes as well.

Researching for authentic cases where madstones were used, I found an article referring to such a one in the April 2, 1902, issue of *The Weekly Ardmoreite.* I give the excerpt exactly as it was reported in the paper and, while we may smile at the manner of its presentation and the language used, I assure you it was no laughing matter to Mr. Jackson.

"Lute Jackson's Experience With The Venomous Animal: — The Ardmoreite Friday spoke of Lute Jackson getting bit by a polecat while he was aselep in bed. He was in the city Friday evening in search of L. S. Staggs and his madstone.

Yesterday morning Mr. Staggs told us that he applied the madstone to Jackson's heel and it had stuck all night.

Mr. Jackson says that he was in bed asleep but was awakened by something biting him on the heel of one of his feet. He kicked the intruder off, he says, but was pounced on again and bitten on the other heel before he could realize what to do.

Mr. Jackson got up and found it was a hydrophobia polecat that had done the work and he at once seized the poker and finally dispatched the animal."

Madstones, used from ancient times in the Orient, were brought to Europe by the Crusaders. *The Talisman,* written by Sir Walter Scott, is believed to have been about such a stone. A Crusader is supposed to have received it as a gift from a Saracen, and brought it back to Scotland, where it was used to "cure persons bitten by mad dogs."

Here in America, madstones became most popular in the South and Southwest but, while some people still believed they held magical properties, most of the belief centered around their supposed power to suck poison from the flesh, much in the same manner as a suction pump.

Madstones, bezoar stones, Indian stones, buffalo stones, elk stones, even snake-stones, generally came from the bodies of animals. One man describes such a stone which came from the body of a cow: "In shape it was a flattened ball, maybe two inches in diameter, but not more than half an inch thick. It was smooth, speckled-gray, with a permeable covering of calcium, enclosing a compact mass of material that looked like hairs and moss fiber."

Those people who claimed the most authoritative knowledge of such stones said the best ones came out of the stomachs of white deer, and were of far greater virtue than any stone out of a cow. Of course, the deer that had a stone was not always white, but whiteness was considered to give the stone more drawing power. And drawing power was what the stone needed the most of . . . .!

Traditionally the stone, before use, had to be prepared in a very special way. It must be moistened in warm milk, for water was untrustworthy. After being thoroughly saturated, it was applied to the wound. The test of whether or not the person being treated had the virus, was in the adherence of the stone, for to do any good it had to stick to the flesh for a good long while, drawing the poison out of the wound and absorbing it into its own porous substance.

The stone was carefully watched, for after it had soaked up a certain amount of poison, it would drop off. Then it must again be returned to the container of warm, or hot, milk and the milk would turn green from the poison being released by the madstone.

Some zealous practitioners would let the milk boil and considered the noise made by the thumping of the madstone on the bottom of the vessel a good sign. After the madstone had been thoroughly cleansed, it would again be applied to the wound and the same routine followed, until it would no longer adhere. When it would cease to "stick," the patient was considered to be free from poison.

The madstone was considered to be as effective against snake venom as venom from rabid animal, but in the sparsely settled West of the old days, snakebite victims were seldom within reach of a madstone when bitten, and often could not make it in time to reach one.

In the instance of a bite from a rabid animal. it was considered that a person infected with rabies would not go mad for at least two weeks. (In actual fact the average period of virus incubation varies from forty to sixty days.) It was considered, therefore, en-

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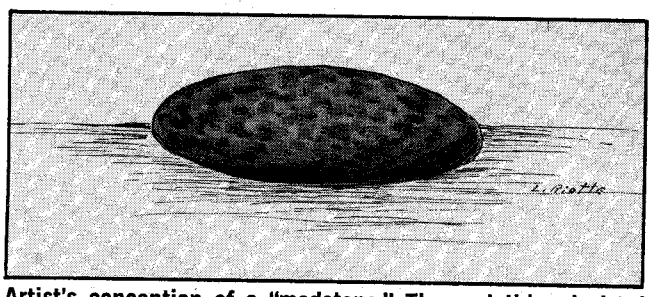


Artist's conception of a "madstone." The real thing is hard to find now but those who've seen them say they appear to be a mass of hardened hair covered with a layer of calcium. In color they range from grey to brown and have a speckled appearance. In shape they are flattened oval, ranging in size from one inch to four. The texture is smooth.

tirely possible for a man, even in the horse age, to have time to ride to where someone was known to possess a madstone, though, sometimes, this meant going several hundred miles.

Oddly enough, most of the "hydrophobic" animals, about which stories are recorded, seem to have been skunks, commonly called "hydrophobia cats," although they are not cats at all. And of these, the spotted skunk, also called "civet cat," was singled out from the other two species (the striped skunk and the hog-nosed skunk) as being the most active in biting. And they seemed to have a proclivity for biting people on their toes. There are many recorded instances of this.

The two-weeks period of grace, though it may have been comforting to an "average" citizen of the day, was of scant solace to an outlaw.

Strange as it may seem, history records that one of the things a badman feared most was the hydrophobia skunk. He was not afraid of tarantulas, centipedes, or rattlesnakes but, in common with many other Westerners, he went in constant fear of mad polecats at night. For in his line of business, he was often compelled to sleep wherever nightfall found him, often on the ground.

Fatalities from the bite of such an animal were also not uncommon among cowboys, and there was no antidote . . . other than the madstone . . . known in the early days for such an infection.

There are fewer instances than we might suppose of a mad dog or mad coyote biting a person, but one such instance is recorded in the November 27, 1902, issue of *The Weekly Ardmoreite* which was published at Ardmore, Oklahoma, while that part of the country was still called Indian Territory. Again Mr. Staggs and his madstone were called upon. Here is the story:

"On November 27, 1902, a man by the name of William Worsham, who was about fifteen or twenty miles southeast of the city (Ardmore) came into town in the late afternoon. He said that a mad dog had bitten him and he was nursing his right forearm and hunting for someone with a madstone.

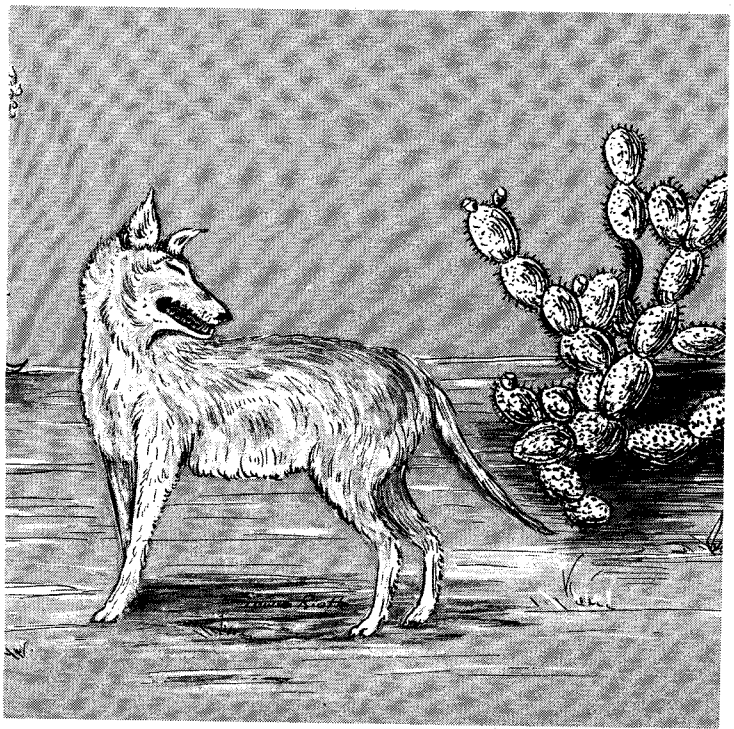
L.S. Staggs was pointed out to him and he told Mr. Staggs his tale of woe, how the vicious animal had 'reared' up on him and 'bit his arm'. Mr. Worsham said the dog was mad and he wished the madstone applied at once.

Mr. Staggs prepared the stone, and placing it on the wound held it there until it would adhere of its own accord, when he turned it loose. The stone would not stick and all efforts to make it stick were futile . . .

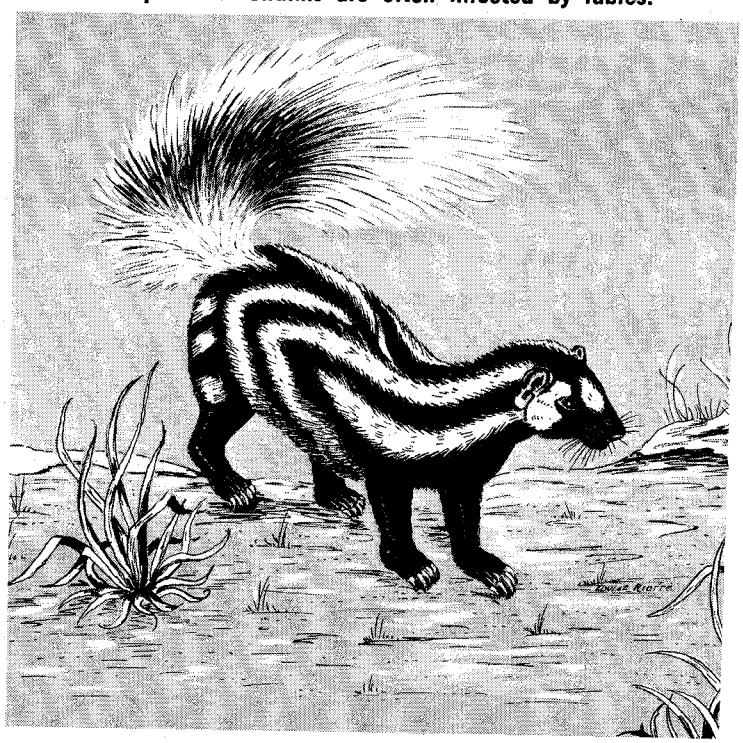
The man went home feeling much relieved."

We can only conclude that Mr. Worsham's "relief" was due to his belief that the stone had not stuck because the animal actually (Continued on next page)

The bite of a "mad" dog, wolf, or coyote is one of the most frequent causes of rabies.



Spotted skunk, generally referred to in the days of the old west as a "polecat." Shunks are often infected by rabies.



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was not rabid, as he had thought and there being no poison to draw out, naturally it would not adhere.

To actually be able to tell whether an animal was rabid, or merely vicious, was not always possible. People believed that any wild animal that bit a person not cornering it, and therefore without reason, was mad. This was quite logical. But there were two signs, in the case of the skunk at least, which were considered proof that the animal was mad; it would not loose its hold and it gave off no odor.

Madstones were considered to be very precious. The Lockett Stone and the Pointer Stone, both owned by plantation families of Virginia, were handed down for generations and considered priceless heirlooms. In time, they were divided among the various descendants, and each small bit was considered to have as much "power" as the original.

Collin County in Texas is named for Collin McKinney who came from Kentucky and settled there. He became friends with another Kentuckian, Ben Milam, who liked him well enough to gift him with a third of a madstone, "about the size of a goose egg." The history of its origin is confused, but Mr. McKinney thought highly of his present and before he died, in 1861, he again divided the stone so that each of his children might have a tiny piece.

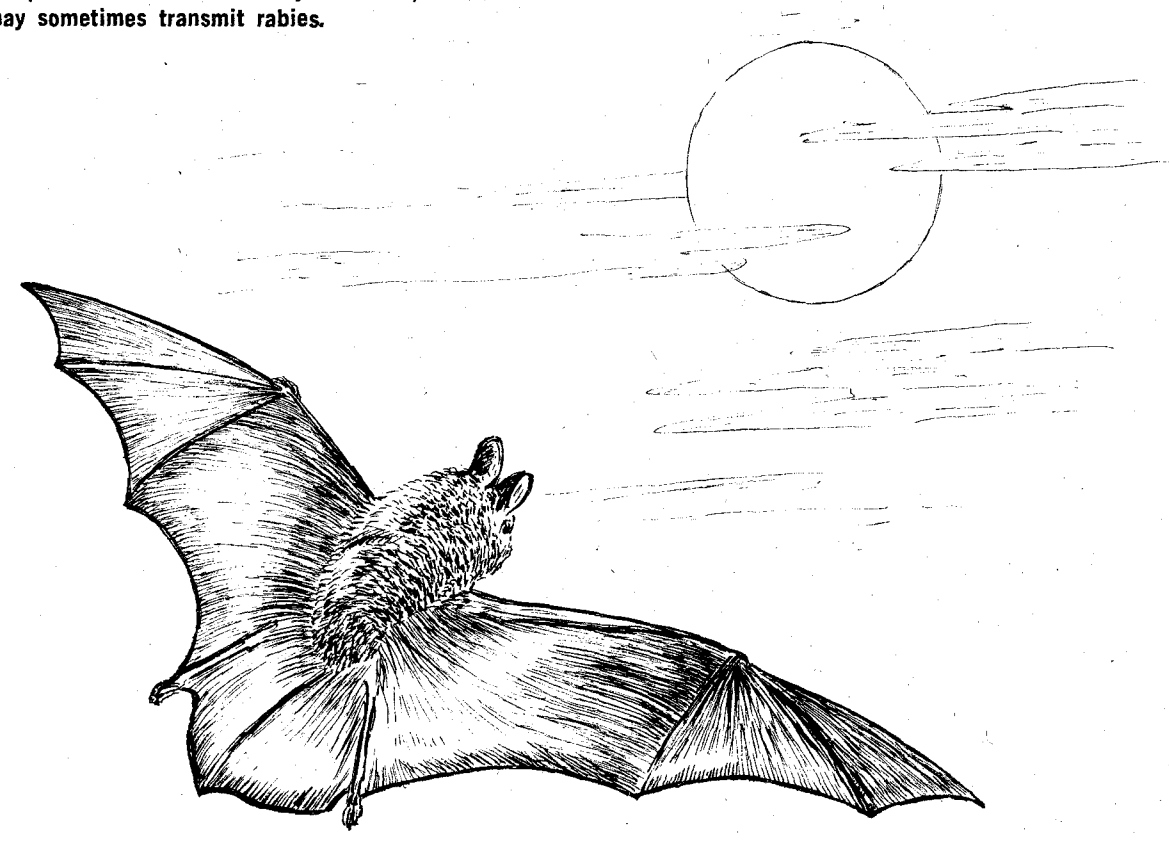
One of his sons, whose piece was only about half an inch square, claimed that during the forty-seven years it had been in his family's possession it had saved more than four hundred people from hydrophobia, and only two cases had been recorded as failures. In each of these two cases, it was considered that the patients had waited too long, and were in the advanced stage when the madstone was applied.

One of the most curious things about the owners of madstones seems to be their generosity, for the charges made for its use were generally very moderate, or none at all. This, even though they were themselves usually people of very modest means. Perhaps they were motivated by a desire to be helpful to the distressed people who came to them for aid. It is hard for us, with our modern scientific knowledge, to realize the extreme helplessness of the people of that day and time when bitten by a mad animal or a poisonous snake. There was so little that could prevail against death.

According to science, not every bitten person, even when it is certain the animal is rabid, will go mad though left untreated, and 80 to 85 percent of human beings may escape infection from the virus because of natural immunity. But even today there is no sure way of telling who is, and who is not immune. In the days before Pasteur, the only hope of being saved from a death more horrible in its manifestations than any other on earth, was to find a madstone, ask the possessor to prepare it properly, and have it applied. Possibly the madstone received credit for the 80 percent of people who would not have gone mad anyway. But so strong was the belief, that it took many years for Pasteur's science to overcome the belief in madstones.

It was not until 1903 that a Pasteur Institute for the detection of rabies virus was established in Austin, Texas. Just north, across the border in Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory, primitive conditions continued far longer than they had in Texas at the same date. Here Mr. Staggs and his madstone continued to give such aid and comfort as he could to all who sought his assistance. Who shall say that it did not help? ●

Ordinarily harmless, and even beneficial to man because of the vast quantities of insects they consume, the bite of a bat may sometimes transmit rabies.



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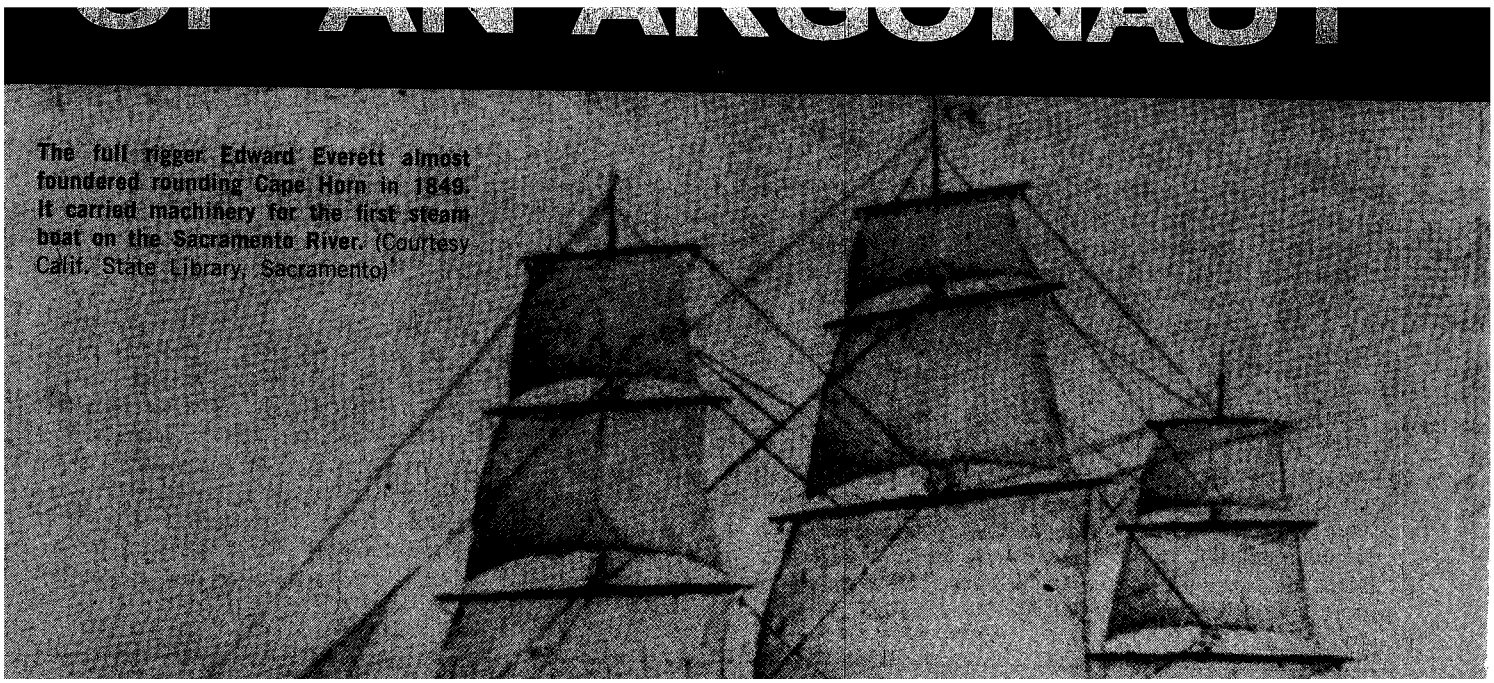
OF AN ARGONAUT



The full rigger Edward Everett almost foundered rounding Cape Horn in 1849. It carried machinery for the first steam boat on the Sacramento River. (Courtesy Calif. State Library, Sacramento)

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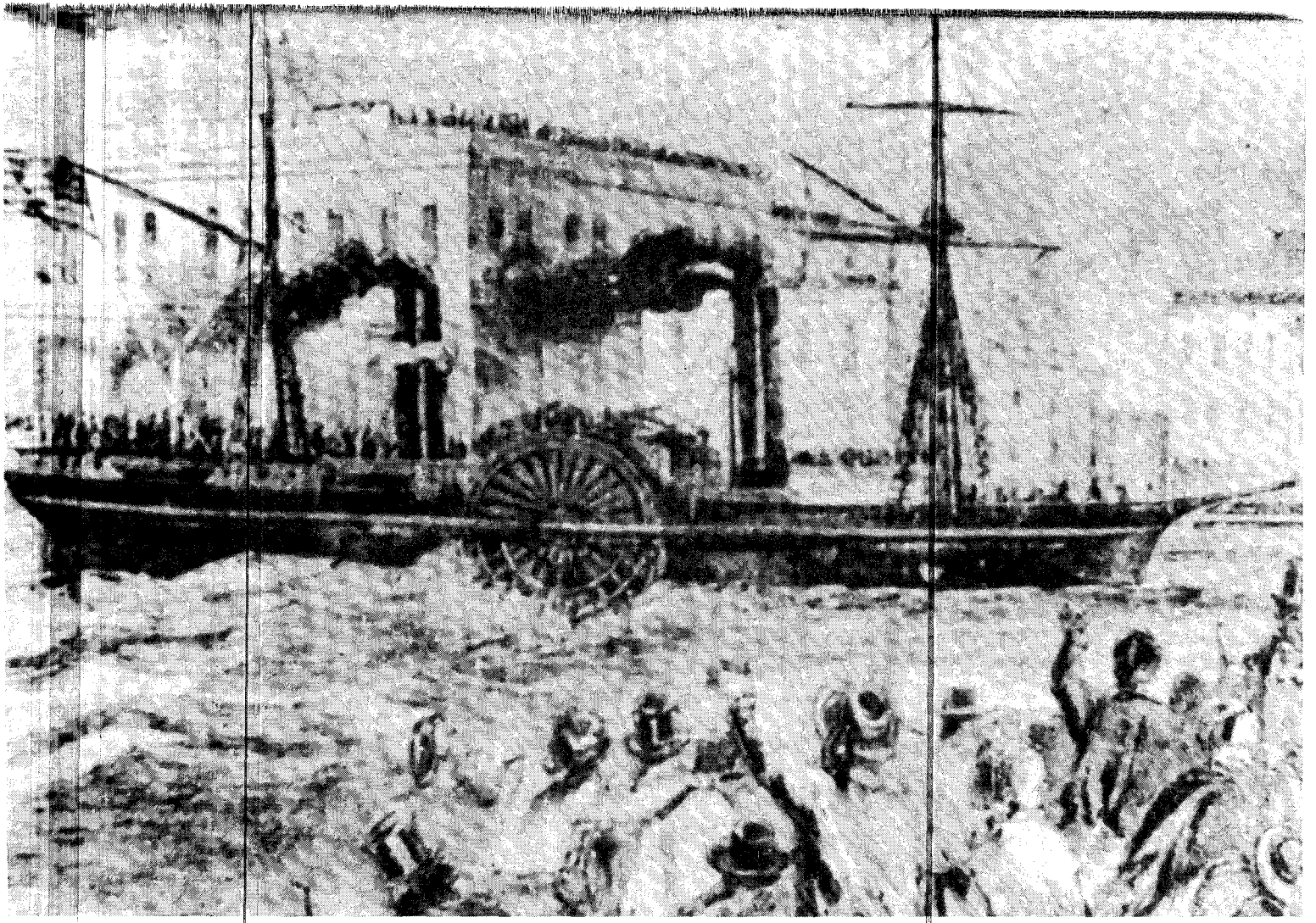

Pioneer steamer on the Sacramento in 1850 was evidently converted from the hull of a sailing ship and rushed into the violent competition. (Courtesy Bancroft Library)

The man who perched perilously in the whistling rigging of the windjammer saw it coming. A chunk of lead seemed to settle in the pit of his stomach. His mouth fell open in almost full panic and he locked his arms more tightly around the top mizzenmast.

"My Gawd!" escaped from his lips, blue with cold, and almost torn from his mouth by the force of the wind. Far below, on the plunging deck, passengers seemed like pigmies. The ship's figurehead plunged into a quartering sea. Spray and stinging scud lashed along the deck in white foam to roar through the scuppers.

"My Gawd!" the sailor breathed once more, his eyes popping with fear. "We've had it this time for sartain! Cap'n! Cap'n!"

Captain Henry Smith, hanging on a lifeline beside the helmsman, could no more have heard the sailor's plaintive cries than hear the movements of the bedbugs in the scooner, Edward Everett's, cabin bunks. The sailing ship lifted on the next swell, shook herself like a water-soaked dog, and plunged onward around the storm-swept Cape Horn.

Nor did the doughty skipper have the scope of vision enjoyed by the sailor in the top rigging. If he had, he would have ordered every man off the heaving deck and lashed himself and the helmsman at the ship's binnacle.

What happened next was no more than a blur to the sailor clinging to the whipping fasthead. A wall of spray slapped him viciously in the face. As his eyes glued shut against the salt, he glimpsed a wall of raging black water rising off the ship's port quarter.

A giant hand seemed to close around him in a steel grip, tearing him loose from the mast. So quickly was the torn from its perch that he could think of nothing but an explosive prayer.

"God help me!" the words were ripped from him by the howling wind. Then he was gone in a maelstrom of boiling foam.

On the top deck, men where scattered like chaff when the huge water spout smashed over. Orville Hansen was picked up bodily and thrown overboard from the bow. When the Everett righted herself and shook off the tons of foaming water, Hansen was literally picked up and tossed back on deck with two broken ankles.

The Reverend J. A. Benton, later to become the founder of the Congressional Church in old Sacramento, picked himself up from the scuppers and offered a silent prayer to find himself still on board the windjammer. He had been washed halfway through the railing, but caught himself just in time. Now he saw another huge comber piling up in front of the ship.

Hansen saw it, too. He tried to walk, but fell flat on his face, his shattered ankles giving way beneath his weight. Benton grabbed him as the roaring sea

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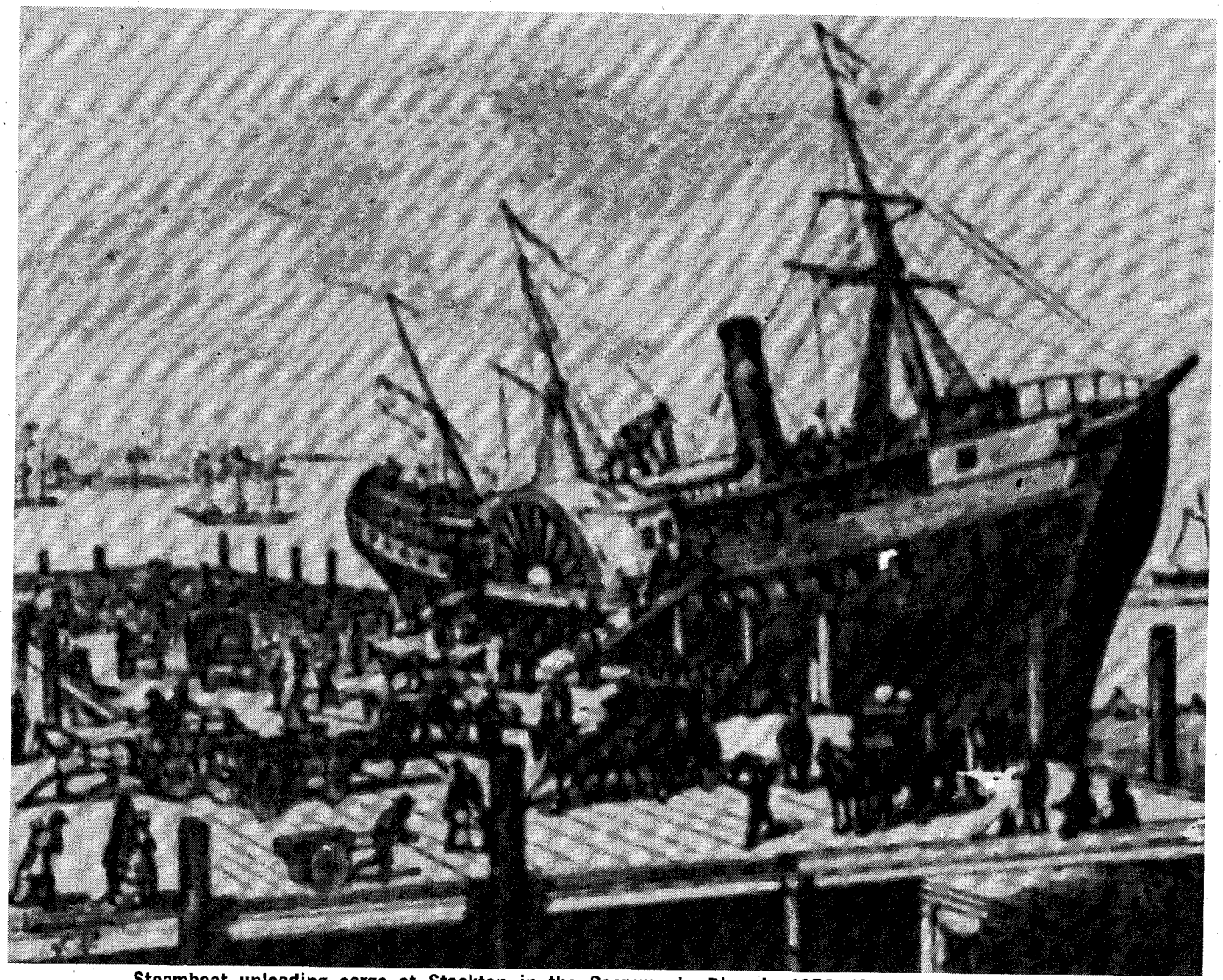

Steamboat unloading cargo at Stockton in the Sacramento River in 1850. (Courtesy Bancroft Library)

Tons of sea water smashed over the Edward Everett's deck. (Courtesy Calif. State Library)

crashed on deck. Together they piled up in a tangle of lines and gear. The parson clung valiantly with one hand to a loose line, holding onto Hansen with his other hand.

"Hang on, Orville!" he shouted. "Take hold of my belt!"

Benton, a huge, powerful man with the shoulders of a blacksmith and hands the size of hams, felt Hansen's fists close like clamps on the wide belt around his waist. Tons of sea water hammered them both against the deck. For a long time, the parson thought the ship would not recover from its deep list to starboard. It seemed like an eternity to both men on the sloping deck. At any moment they expected to be plunged into the raging sea.

Hansen's legs were numb from broken bones and the icy cold. His smarting eyes bugged in terror as he glimpsed the rain awash just beyond. Overhead sail canvas had exploded into ribbons and now snapped like gunfire in the wind. A spar cracked looes and plunged down, burying one end deep into the wooden deck. Benton shuddered. It had almost impaled him. He felt Hansen's nails clawing at his waist as he renewed his hold on the belt.

"We ain't got a chance!" Hansen screamed. "She's gonna sink!"

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Spars, canvas and rigging fell about them. Benton heard Hansen sobbing pitifully in the tumult. With one huge hand, he drew the terrorized argonaut closer to him.

"Keep your courage, Orville!" he shouted into his ear. "As long as she floats, we live!"

Benton believed devoutly in the power of prayer. Spray struck his upturned face like buckshot. His lips moved but the scream of the wind drowned out his voice.

The ship suddenly shuddered from stem to stern. From somewhere down below decks, the clank of heavy machinery was faintly detected. The Everett's cargo of iron boilers, pumps and pistons, consigned to Sacramento for powering a river steam boat, shifted back into its original position. A new balance seemed to take hold of the foundering vessel. The cargo became ballast.

Slowly the Everett began righting herself. The rail lifted from the boiling seas. Sea water cascaded down the slanting deck like a cataract. Captain Smith and his crew wasted no time taking advantage of the miracle.

The sluggishness of the helm told them they needed sail quickly to gain headway, or they would founder under the next onslought of the sea. Captain Smith yelled orders raucously into a megaphone. His voice was like that of a foghorn. Deckhands tumbled magically from their forward quarters. Canvas was broken out of the sail lockers. Within moments, sails were taking hold in the wind. The ship straightened out and gained 'way.

Benton lifted Hansen up, bodily, and carried him to an impromptu sick bay. The argonaut's legs dangled loosely, but there was no evidence of shattered bones to indicate compound fractures of the ankles. Reverend Benton was equal to the task of acting as doctor. He was a man of wide experience, devout, and dedicated to a career in humanities.

"Simple fractures," he announced after close examination. "You're a lucky man, Orville, being washed back aboard like that. It has happened before, but only rarely."

"I thought I was a goner, Reverend," said Hansen.

"Reckon we all did," agreed Benton. "Drink this and I'll try setting your broken bones.' '

He handed Hansen a bottle of brandy. Hansen's eyes popped.

"Say . . ." he chuckled. "This *is* a treat. For this, I bet there ain't a man on board who wouldn't break his ankles!"

"Comin' from a preacher is something else," interjected Captain Smith. "That *never* happened afore!"

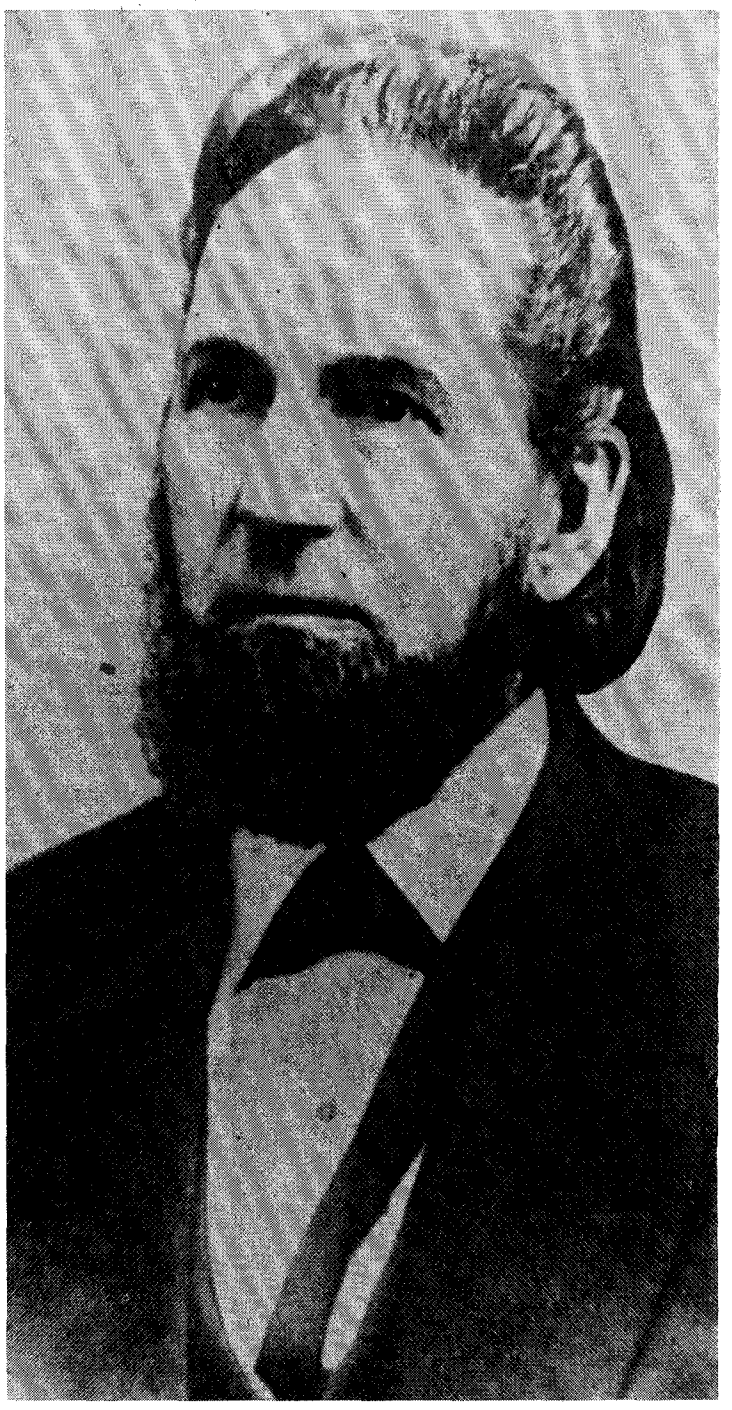
"Maybe I should use a belaying pin on his head as an anaesthetic," the minister reached for the bottle.

"Oh no you don't!" Hansen pulled it out of reach. "One headache is just like another, only the brandy kind is better."

"Take your choice," Benton laughed. "It's your head. But you'll be ready to go after gold by the time we reach San Francisco."

The ankle injuries were not serious. They confined Hansen to his bunk, however. He lashed himself down to prevent the ship's wild plunging from tossing him about. The Edward Everett had a bone in her teeth now and she ran before the hurricane. With nothing else to do, Hansen took up his pen and kept one of the most thrilling, action-filled diaries ever written of a 'round the Horn passage in 1849.

Actual authorship of the account is somewhat controversial, however. Water damage all but obliterated the identity. One historian claims Reverend Benton kept the diary. Carroll Douglas Hall, feature writing in the McClatchy Newspapers' *Sacramento Bee,* June 24th, 1939, avers that the diarist is unidentified. Subsequent research indicates **(Continued on page 61)**



Rev. J. A. Benton, a passenger on the Edward Everett, later founded the Congregational Church in old Sacramento.
(Courtesy Calif. State Library, Sacramento)

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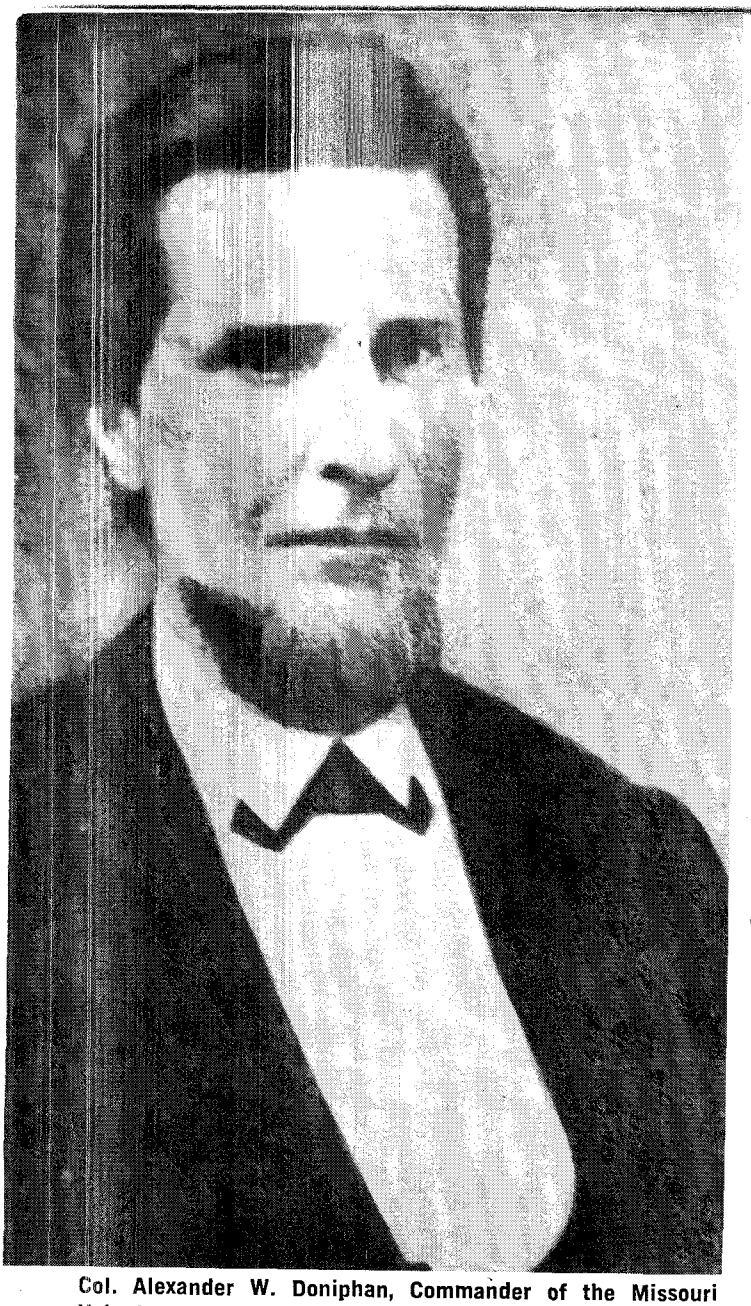

Col. Alexander W. Doniphan, Commander of the Missouri Volunteers, who made a 3500-mile swing through Mexican territory, winning important victories during the Mexican War.

COLONEL DONIPHAN'S EXPEDITION

by Lawrence Certesi

The odds so heavily favored Gen. Jose Heredia that he brought along handcuffs and chains for the Americans.

The morning of February 28, 1847, broke with a band of light rising over the purple hills east of the Paso del Norde. However, inside a camp tent, Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan and three staff officers ignored the emerging dawn. The colonel continued dealing the hand of cards to the three men huddled around a table. The foursome had been playing cards all night to determine who would take possession of a captured Mexican horse.

Suddenly, a scout burst into the tent, his face white. "C-colonel," he stammered, "there's a whole Mexican army blocking the pass to Chihuahua." As the scout spoke, the others around the table stiffened. Doniphan's force numbered a mere 950 men, all of them near exhaustion after the two-week treck from El Paso, 245 miles to the north.

Doniphan rolled his tongue around his lips and then looked at the scout. "How many?"

"Maybe 5,000, Sir," the scout answered. "And at least a dozen cannon."

Doniphan squeezed his face, more peeved than shocked. He calmly stacked the cards in the middle of the table; then he rose to his feet. "We'll have to hold up the game 'til we whip these Mexicans," he said to his follow card players. "We'll finish the game when the battle's over. But remember," he pointed sternly, "I'm ahead on points."

Such was the cocky confidence of Alexander W. Doniphan, the tall, muscular, lawyer who commanded the 1st Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, during the Mexican War. However, not only Doniphan, but every last man in the Missouri volunteer regiment would need the same confidence if they hoped to pull off a victory against these lopsided odds. This was especially true since the Mexicans were determined to stop Doniphan here, for the line of ridges at Sacramento held the key to victory or defeat in Mexico.

The Sacramento here should not be confused with Sacramento, California. This Sacramento, fifteen miles north of the city of Chihuahua, Mexico, was not

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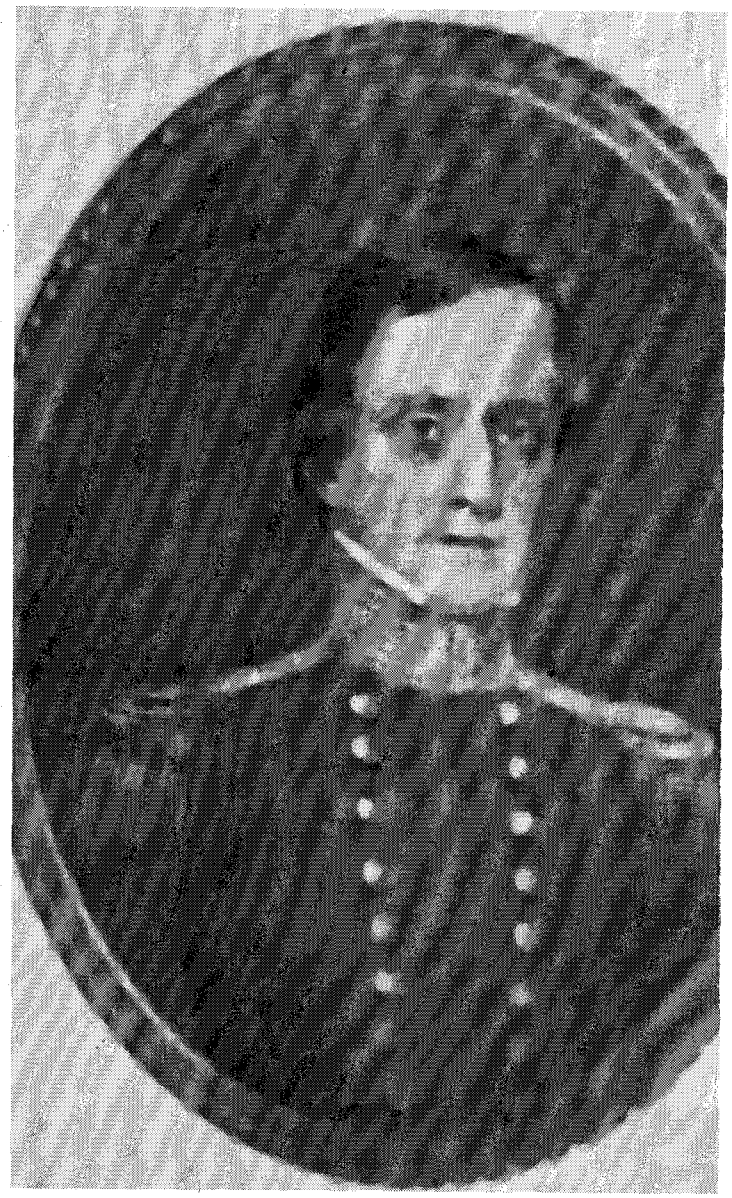
a town, city, or any other populated place. The area simply included a series of desolate ridges at the southern end of the Paso del Norde, before the journey into Chihuahua. The ridges offered a natural defense against any invaders from New Mexico.

The Doniphan expedition had thus far swept through 2500 miles of Mexican territory, and Angel Trias, the Mexican governor of Chihuahua state, meant to end the sweep here. The governor had issued a proclamation only a week ago, calling on his troops to stop the Missourians at all costs. Trias had thrown every man he could find into the Sacramento defense. He wanted more than victory; he wanted the Americans annihilated.

However, Alexander Doniphan, born July 8, 1808, in Marion County, Kentucky, came from a long line of daring men who had always challenged heavy odds. An uncle, George Doniphan, had led a successful assault on superior British forces at Grandywine during the Revolutionary War. The colonel's father, Joseph Doniphan, had led two attacks on strong British detachments during his service at Yorktown with General Washington. After the Revolution, Joseph Doniphan had spent his life with other stubborn pioneers in wrestling the Kentucky wilderness from massive Indian hands. So, Alexander Doniphan had been reared in an atmosphere of stubbornness, independence, and fighting odds.

At Augusta College, where Doniphan studied law, he often clashed with college authorities over what he considered unfair rules or regulations. In fact, Doniphan had chosen a law career for the very purpose of defending those men who fought for principle against those who wielded political or economic power. Doniphan opened his practice in Liberty, Missouri, where, within ten years, he had gained respect and success as a defender of human rights.



Gen. Steven Kearney, commander of the U.S. Army of the West that won control of most of Mexico's northern territories during the Mexican War.

Capt. Richard Weightman, commander of Doniphan's gunners at the Battle of Sacramento. His accurate howitzer batteries disrupted the Mexican defenses on the Sacramento Heights.

When the Mexican War broke out, in 1846, Missouri Governor Edwards called on Doniphan to raise a regiment of volunteers. Doniphan, convinced that the Mexicans were armed aggressors against weaker American Texans, responded to the governor's request. The Missouri lawyer raised 1,000 men and took them to General Stephen Kearney at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After several weeks of drill, Doniphan had whipped the Missourians into fighting shape.

As part of Kearney's Army of the West, Doniphan and his Missouri volunteers left Independence, Missouri, on Jan. 9, 1846. The colonel and his mounted sharphooters helped General Kearney to chase the Mexicans out of Santa Fe. Then, while Kearney moved west, Doniphan turned south through New Mexico. He took Taos, Albuquerque, and other towns. In the Christmas day battle that lasted less than half an hour, the Missourians defeated a Mexican force of twice their number in Canyon Pass. Two days later, Doniphan marched into El Paso, (*Continued on page 63*)

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Taos, New Mexico . . . A Trapper's Utopia

Lure of BEAVER

by Vera Holding

Sooner or later, every mountain man came to Taos. They came to it like buffalo to a salt lick, over thousands of perilous miles. Why not? Taos was known as the heart of the mountains. Here good whiskey flowed, and the dark-eyed senoritas were the most beautiful women in the world.

To most trappers and fur traders, New Mexico, at the southern end of the Rockies, was situated perfectly. Not only was it the gateway to the Rockies, but a trapper could sell beaver, buy his supplies, and spend a winter, or summer, in a happy town. Taos people were not only civilized, but were free with their good times and women.

Taos was in easy distance of the beaver-laden head-

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water of the Arkansas, Rio Grande, Platte, and San Juan rivers.

Taos met all the requirements of a supply base near the Santa Fe Trail, too. Furs could be taken out of Taos, or supplies smuggled in, without attracting the attention of the authorities, since it was a remote village some 70 miles over a rugged road from Santa Fe.

Using Taos as a base for their operations, such colorful figures as Kit Carson, James O. Potter, Peg-Leg Smith, and the Robindoux brothers, made this little city of Taos one of the most important markets for beaver in the West.

From Taos, small parties of adventurous trappers blazed trails west to the Colorado Basin, the Gila River, and on to the Pacific.

The depression of 1819 had left the Missouri frontier with a serious shortage, which forced many merchants out into the Indian country. Farmers had to supplement their income by hunting, trapping, and trading.

In the fall of 1821, three groups of Americans were trading in and around New Mexico. One of these groups was led by William Becknell, better known as the "Father of the Santa Fe Trail." He was also an experienced trader. Becknell had recruited 17 men by promising them the opportunity to trade for horses, mules, and wild animals of every description.

Evidently, in their plans the men discussed beaver, for they took their beaver traps along with them.

Arriving in New Mexico, Becknell quickly sold his trade goods and started back to Missouri for more. Most of his men remained behind at the village of San Miguel del Vado, perhaps to spend the winter trapping.

Two weeks after Becknell's arrival from New Mexico, John McKnight and Thomas James, a former trapper for the St. Louis Fur Company, brought a party to Santa Fe.

Their journey had been most perilous and almost fatal. Indians, acting under instructions from the Governor, would not let the Americans pass. But just as the hostilities seemed imminent, a group of New Mexicans arrived to announce they were now independent, and free to be brothers of the Americans.

Another group was headed by Hugh Glenn, an Indian trader, who wanted to regain a modest fortune which he had lost in the panic of 1819. He established a trading post among the Osage Indians, who had trapped and traded their way up the Arkansas River.

Jacob Fowler stayed behind with the rest of the party to spend another month trapping, while Glenn and four others went on to Santa Fe.

Fowler and his friends didn't find this area very lucrative and spent only a brief time in Taos. Glenn soon divided his men into three trapping units, while he remained in the settlement to sell merchandise.

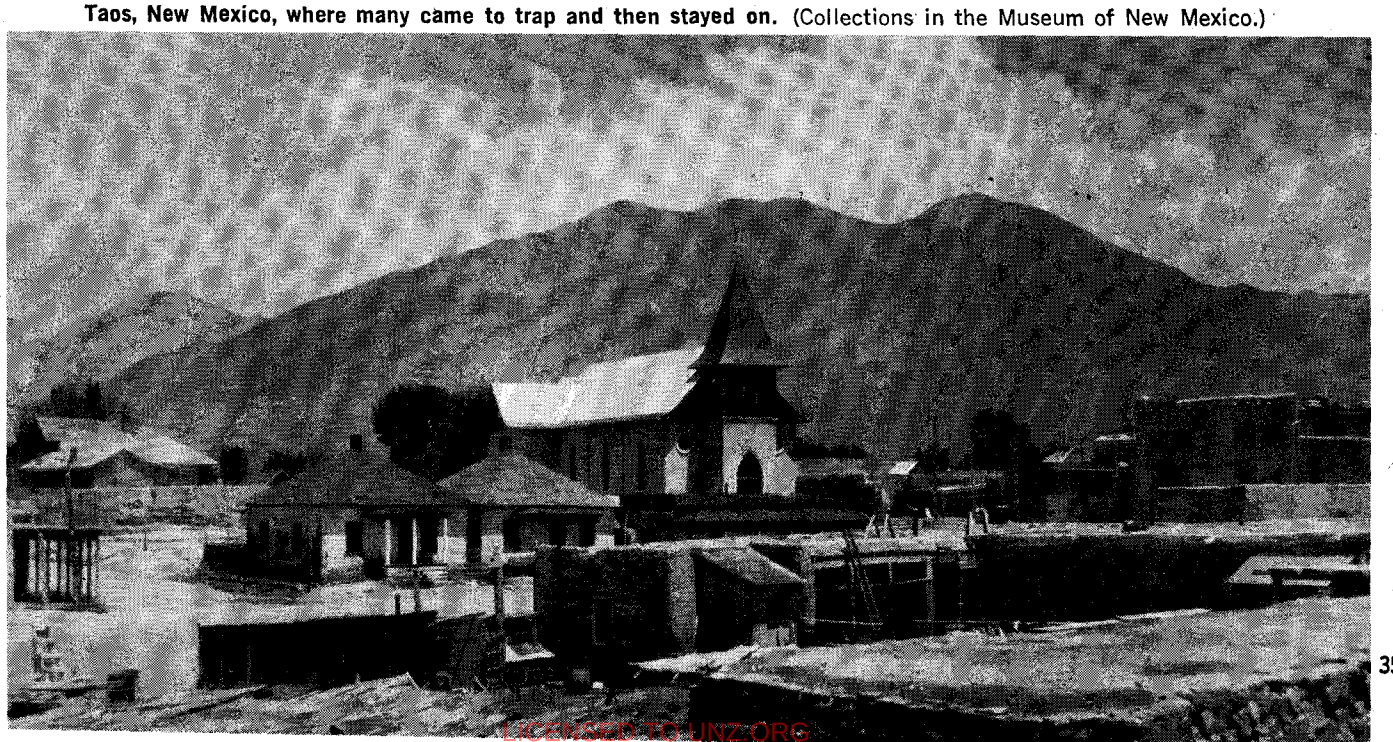
Fowler complained that the creeks near Taos had been disappointing. All the beaver had been taken out by some trappers, probably Becknell and his party. But after lounging around for a month in Taos, Glenn's group crossed the Sangre de Cristos, via Taos Pass, and returned to St. Louis. There Glenn and his trappers sold over eleven hundred pounds of beaver fur to Ramsey Crooks of the American Fur Company, for $4,999.64. A good season, indeed!

There was an acute shortage of hard cash in New Mexico in the 1820's, yet the Americans continued to haul merchandise over the Santa Fe Trail. The lure of newly-opened beaver streams was perhaps the reason for so many Americans making the arduous journey to New Mexico. Some of the merchandise was used for outfitting trappers, and some for a growing Indian trade.

The traders exchanged goods for beaver fur. Beaver fur was not taxed by the National Government, so they tried to bring back fur instead of money. In 1822 the Government abolished trading posts, which stimulated a flurry of men, money, and trade goods into Missouri River towns.

William Becknell also returned to the Missouri settlements in the fall of 1822, but some of his 22 men, who had accompanied him to New Mexico, stayed to trap. (*Continued on page 40*)

Taos, New Mexico, where many came to trap and then stayed on. (Collections in the Museum of New Mexico.)



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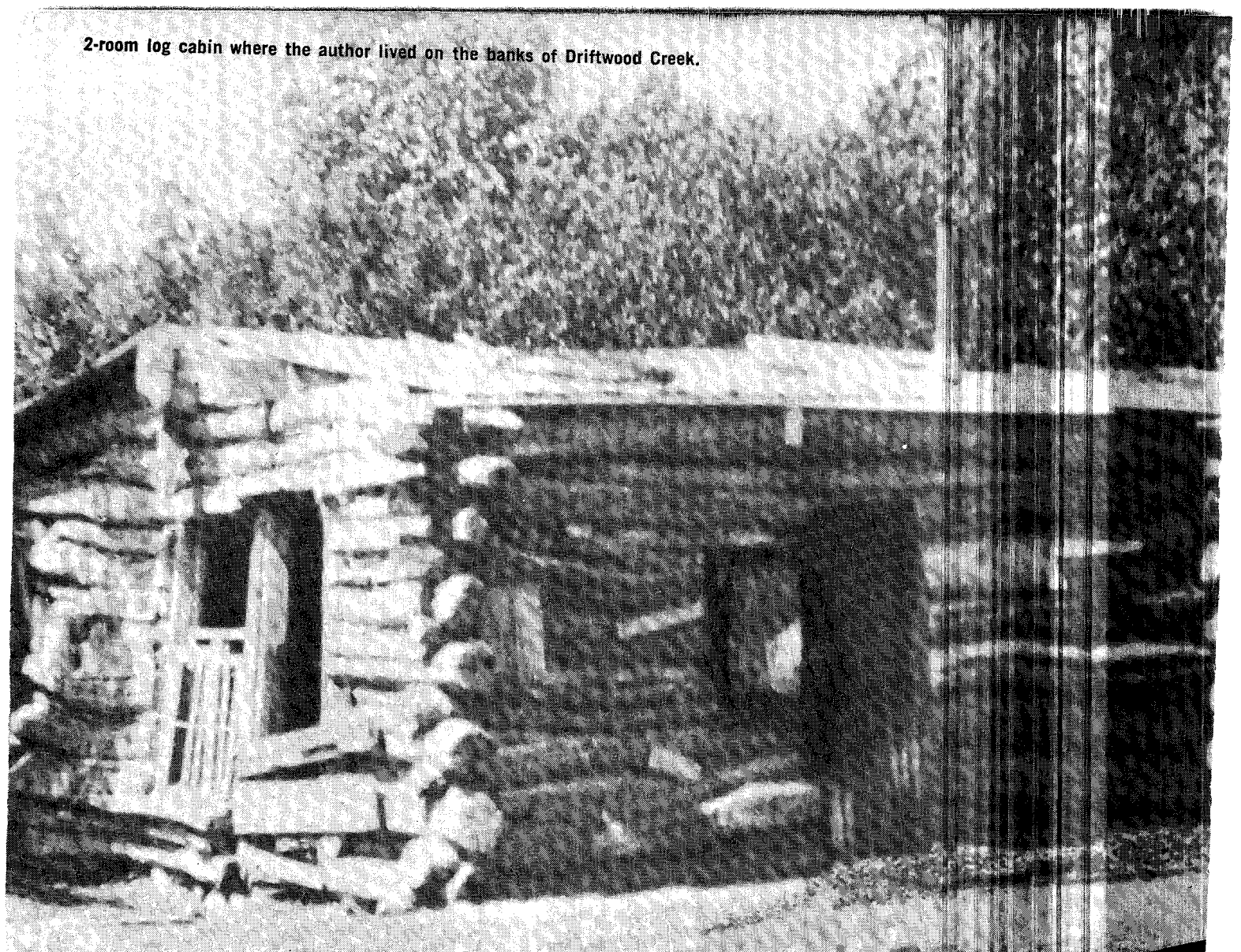

2-room log cabin where the author lived on the banks of Driftwood Creek.

BLOODY RI AT DRIFTWOOD

A great shadowy form with eyes that glowed like balls of fire.

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LLER CREEK

by Martha Lambert

It happened more than 80 years ago, when I was a child of six, but it gave me such a fear complex that I remember it like yesterday. It was in the fall of 1887. We'd been in Nebraska only three years, where Father had gone homesteading in 1884. Our home was a two-room log house on the banks of Driftwood creek. 12 miles south of the village of Culbertson.

Nebraska was then a frontier of sod shanties and dugouts. Although the great buffalo herds were long gone, their deep wallows dotted the prairie, and their bleaching bones and peeling horns could still be found half-buried in the shifting soil. Many a poor homesteader made an extra dollar by gathering the bones for shipment to sugar refineries and other processors.

Suddenly, some unknown monster, a "phantom," invaded our quiet neighborhood. No one had seen him, but he left his calling card written in blood. Yearling calves, colts and other livestock too big to be killed by wolves, coyotes, and other native preditors, were found slaughtered and partly eaten.

Then in late November, after a light snow, two neighbor boys, John and Ed Knobbs, were hunting rabbits in the woods back of our house. Suddenly Old Liz, their rabbit hound, stopped dead in her tracks when the bunny trail she was following was crossed by the imprint of a big paw. It was a strange looking track shaped like a dog's foot, but big as a mustang's hoof. The boys had heard about the Phantom and were scared. However, curiosity overcame fear and they, and the hound, followed the tracks to where, at the edge of the creek, the mysterious thing had leaped the narrow stream, leaving deep, cup-like, tracks in the half-frozen mud of the opposite bank.

Neither hunters nor hound had courage to cross the creek and pursue the trail farther. They forgot about rabbits, and hurried home to tell what they had seen. That night, Al French, a homesteader north of the creek, had a good-sized hog killed, carried out of the pen, and dragged half a mile to where it was partly eaten. Now, the neighborhood really buzzed with excitement. What was the mysterious thing? Where would it strike next? The phantom was the discussion around every fireside. Glassy-eyed, I listened to bloody tales and conjectures and had nightmarish dreams of dragons and witches.

Sometime later, Fonce McDonald was riding home about midnight after spending an evening with the Knobbs boys. As he approached the Driftwood bridge, his horse shied, snorted at every shadow, and refused to go forward except from a sharp jab of the spurs. Suddenly, at the brow of the hill leading down to the creek, the horse froze in her tracks. Standing in the middle of the road was a great, shadowy, outline with eyes that glowed like balls of fire. For a moment both horse and rider were too petrified to move! Then the horse wheeled, almost pitching Fonce from the saddle, and raced back to the Knobbs home.

Fonce tumbled from the saddle and ran into the house, too scared to stop to knock. Stammering in fright, and white as a ghost, he told the Knobbs boys what he had seen. They looked at each other with wide eyes, remembering the tracks in the snow. To bolster their own courage, while they saddled their horses to ride back to the creek with Fonce, they kidded him about "seeing things."

It was an eerie night. A light fog hung in the air like a filmy curtain. The horses champed their bits and puffed white steam from their nostrils. Dogs could be heard barking for miles up and down the creek. Out on the lonely prairie, coyotes yodled into the stars. Old Liz sniffed the air and, whining, she kept close to the horses' heels.

They had almost reached the creek, when *there it was! A* great shadowy outline, with eyes that gleamed like candles in the dark. The horses wheeled so suddenly they bumped heads, knocking one horse to its knees. Then they were off (*Continued on page 42*)

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...and consists of one puzzle requiring you to correctly identify the picture on this puzzle entry blank and to successfully solve word and picture clues. Our past experience indicates that a majority of the contestants will probably be able to successfully solve the contest puzzle. Accordingly, it will be necessary for those persons to successfully complete one or more free "tiebreaking" puzzles in order to win one of the prizes. Each of these free "tiebreaking" puzzles will require you to construct your own word-building or crossword-type puzzles and points will be awarded based upon letter values given to each letter by American Holiday Association. These "tiebreaking" puzzles will be substantially more difficult than the enclosed puzzle.

Somebody is always winning our famous contests...it might as well be you. So send in your solution today. Remember, it's absolutely free!

Here's to winning,

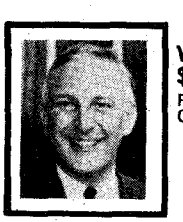
Trudi Wilson

Trudi Wilson
Contest Director

P.S. Important! Please return the Official Entry Blank (opposite page) to American Holiday Assn., 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90069. Contest closes Sept. 24, 1971.

WON
$10,600.00
Mr. A. Desante, Wilmington, Del.

WON
$12,850.00
Shirley Sternad, San Jose, Calif.



WON
$4,700.00
R. C. Lutzow, Chicago, Ill.

WON
$16,500.00
Mrs. Joyce Coward, Brooklyn, N.Y.

AMERICAN HOLIDAY ASSOCIATION

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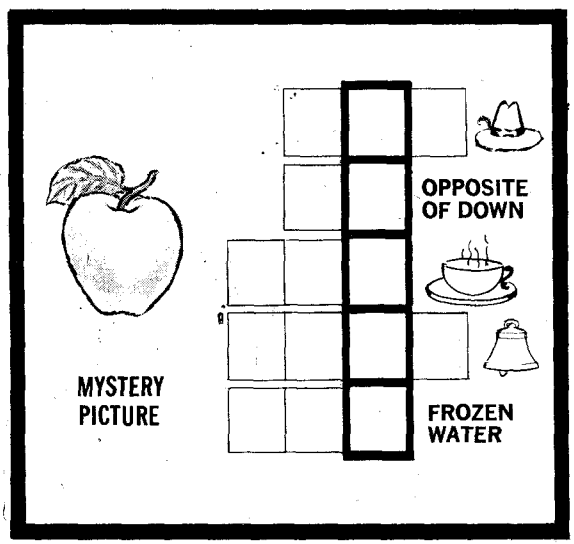
OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Can You Solve this Puzzle?



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$1,000.00..... FIRST PRIZE
$500.00..... SECOND PRIZE
$300.00..... THIRD PRIZE
$200.00..... FOURTH PRIZE
$100.00..... FIFTH PRIZE
$45.00.....6th to 25th PRIZE

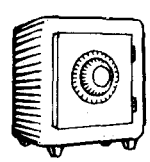
DIRECTIONS

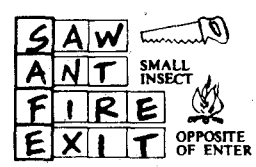
Try to solve this interesting word puzzle by filling in the squares with the correct words defined by the picture or word clues. The letters in the large squares should spell out what is in the mystery picture.

IMPORTANT: This form is your Official Entry Blank. Please return it to American Holiday Assn., 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

COMPLETED EXAMPLE PUZZLE

SEE HOW EASY IT IS — The letters in the large squares correctly spell out SAFE, which is a good place to keep your money.





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OFFICIAL RULES / FREE MONEY TREE PUZZLE CONTEST

1. Try to solve the interesting word and picture puzzle and name what is in the mystery picture by filling in empty spaces with words that correctly identify the clues noted at the right or left of each line. The letters in the large squares will spell out what is in the mystery picture.

2. This free Money Tree Contest puzzle will be scored in this fashion: 10 points for naming what is in the mystery picture; 2 points for each word or object correctly identified. All the words you use must appear in the 75c New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary. Winners will be chosen on a point basis: Highest score wins First Prize; 2nd highest score wins 2nd Prize, etc.

3. In case of ties, which are expected, all tied contestants will be required to solve additional and more challenging word-building, letter-value free tiebreaker puzzles, each with its own scoring rules and solution. No less than three days nor more than 30 days will be allowed for solving each free tiebreaker puzzle. No more than three of these free tiebreaker puzzles should be necessary, and no more than four will be required under any circumstances. Should any contestants remain tied for any prize after completion of four tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be awarded in that category. Point scores of all winning entries will be verified by a firm of Certified Public Accountants.

4. No entrance fee to this contest is required. One prize per household. All entries become the property of the sponsor. Contest sponsors, their advertising agencies and the immediate families of either are not eligible. Contestants, or members of their households, in any American Holiday Association Contests who have prior hereto singly or cumulatively won $500.00 or more at the time this contest is paid, are not eligible to win prizes in this contest.

5. This completed Money Tree Contest puzzle must be returned to us by Sept. 24, 1971; and all prizes are scheduled to be paid about December, 1971.

6. Contestants agree to above rules. The sponsor retains the right and power to make such further rules and regulations as in his discretion are necessary for the proper function of the contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants. Contestants agree to be bound by all such additional rules and regulations. Contest subject to all such additional rules and regulations. Not responsible for lost; stolen or delayed mail. A full list of winners and the winning solution will be sent to all contestants after prizes have been awarded, if requested.

8831 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CAL. 90069

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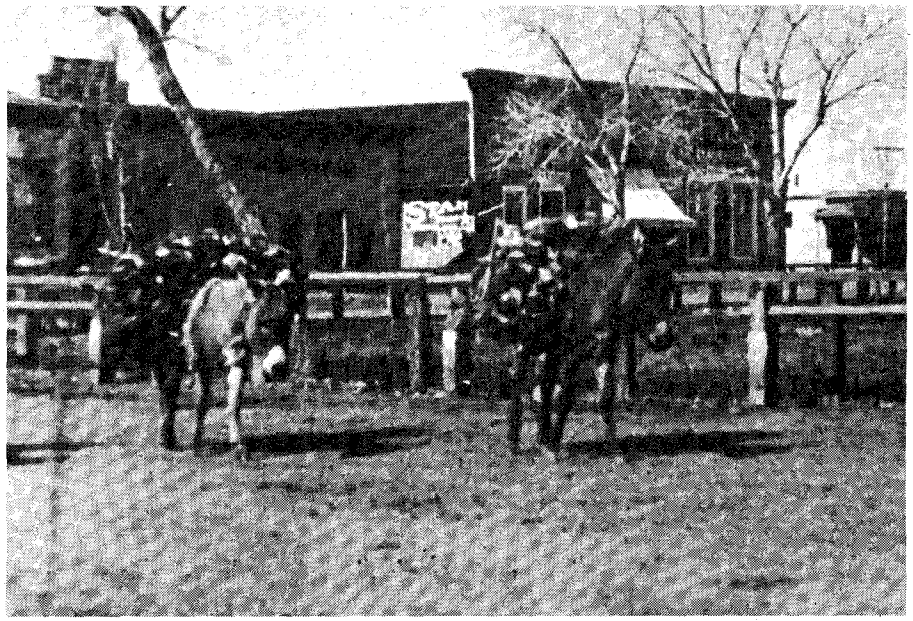
LURE OF BEAVER

(Continued from page 35)



The Plaza in Taos, New Mexico. (Collections in the Museum of N. Mex.)

Two of these, Ewing Young, from Tennessee, and Kentucky-born William Wolfskill, each in their early twenties, began a profitable and lasting relationship which kept them in the vanguard of the Taos trappers.

They stayed in Santa Fe until Autumn came and beaver fur began to thicken. Then they trapped the Pecos River.

While Young and Wolfskill trapped the Pecos, still another group of Missourians was traveling toward New Mexico. There is a difference of opinion here. One authority says fifty persons were in the party, principally from St. Louis, to trap furs. Another source says forty . . . and still another says twenty-five. They formed the firm of "James Baird and Company" in July 1822. There were five men included in the firm. Baird, Williams and Paul Anderson, Wilson McGunnegle, and John Foughlin, according to the *St. Louis Enquirer*, Aug. 20, 1823.

James Baird had been one of the unlucky members of the commercial expedition in 1812 to Sante Fe, and had been imprisoned for eight years in Chihuahua. He knew a great deal about the country. He lingered on in Chihuahua for over a year before starting back to the United States.

Once home, Baird made plans for an immediate return. His second venture was financed in part by Ramsay Crooks of the American Fur Company and Oliver N. Bostwick, of a St. Louis merchantile firm associated with the Missouri River fur trade.

Doubtless, other trappers and fur traders found their way into New Mexico during these first years.

By 1823, Americans had already begun to mine the fine furs that the Spaniards had hardly touched, and had begun to incorporate the fur trade into the merchantile trade.

In the first fifteen years of the overland commerce, practically every returning caravan had quantities of fur. But by 1824, the beaver supply was greatly depleted and the trappers headed further west.

Later in the fall, William Becknell attempted to trap his way into the mountains to visit Oregon. It is believed hat Becknell may have been the first American to receive a Mexican license to trap.

By the end of 1824, no fewer than six groups had attempted to trap in the Colorado Basin from their New Mexico base. All six had probably fol lowed known trails. But the great expectations of the New Mexico based trappers were never realized. For the next decade, the area was the scene of ruthless competition between the British Hudson Bay Company, and the Americans, represented by Ashley and his associates. Despite their pioneering efforts, several years passed before the Taos Mountain men would again be serious competition for fur in this area.

Ashley's rendezvous system provided a more effective base than Taos, and his return to St. Louis in 1825 meant a cargo of beaver fur valued at $50,000.00, which completely overshadowed the returns from Santa Fe.

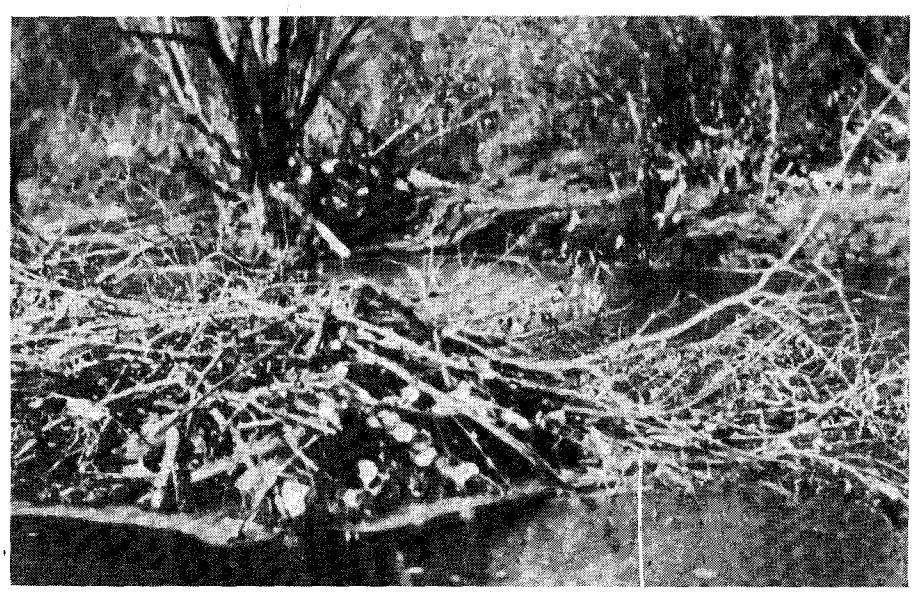
Although the rendezvous system eclipsed New Mexico as a source of supplies, and market for beaver, from the central Rockies, Taos remained an important point for mountain men.

In late October of 1824, William B. Astor, president pro-tem of the American Fur Company, learned of the arrival of beaver from Santa Fe. He wrote to his St. Louis agent to buy it by all means, for the Santa Fe beaver was in great demand becuase of its fine quality and beautiful coloring.

From Taos, trappers blazed trails west to the Colorado Basin, the Gila River, and the Pacific; while to the east, their trade stimulated the flow of goods over the Santa Fe Trail and, for many American traders, the Southwest became their permanent home.

Settling in New Mexico and California, they served as an "Advance Guard" for America's manifest destiny and the military conquest of the 1840's.

History owes a great debt to the Taos trappers! ●



Beaver dam near Taos, New Mexico. (Collections in the Museum of New Mexico)

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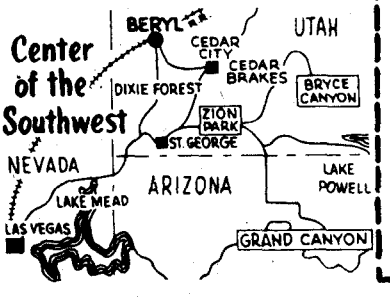

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BLOODY KILLER AT DRIFTWOOD CREEK

(Continued from page 37)

at a mad run for home, with Old Liz in the lead.

The Phantom became the subject of discussion at every gathering. Farmers scratched their heads in wonderment when they met on a street corner of the village, or toasted their shins at the potbellied stove in the local store.

"What is the darn thing?" Sam Edwards blurted.

"Maybe it's a ghost," someone volunteered.

"Could be a ghost," Sam added. Ghosts are just shadows like this thing is. Nobody ain't seen this thing except as a shadow."

"Ain't no ghost can kill a hog," Al French declared.

"Maybe it's the devil," my father chuckled. "You fellows better mind your prayers."

Everyone had a different idea about the phantom, but most agreed it was best to do their trading early and get home before nightfall. No one wanted to cross Driftwood after dark.

It was nearing the Christmas holidays when father decided to do the winter's butchering. He hired the Knobbs boys to help. The day proved properly cold and, by noon, three fat hogs hung from scaffolds, their clean, scraped, hides glistening white in the sunshine. By mid-afternoon it began to warm up, and a dampness in the air hinted of snow. All hands got busy quartering the porkers and getting the meat ready to carry into the smoke house before dark.

It so happened that the day of the butchering was the day the once-a-week mail came out from the village to the country postoffice which was in the home of two maiden ladies, a mile across the creek. Mail was always an important occasion. The continued story in the "Kansas City Star" was something the entire family looked forward to. Also there would be letters from back home in Iowa. Even a catalogue or circular was eagerly scanned, in our literature-starved neighborhood.

As was the custom of the country, when anyone butchered, he shared some of the fresh meat with his neighbors. So Father carried along a basket of meat for the post mistresses. Since the night was dark, and he had to cross the creek on a foot log, he carried a lantern to light his way. He'd been gone only a few minutes when our dog, Shep, came scratching and barking at the door. This seemed strange, for he was never allowed in the house. As mother opened the door cautiously to look out, the dog slipped between her feet and ran whining behind the stove. He was ordinarily a brave dog, but now his eyes gleamed with fear. For a moment, mother stood peering into the impenetrable darkness. Suddenly, the night was shattered by a bloodcurdling scream. The first sound was like a terrified scream of a woman, then it died away in the sob-like bray of a mule.

"The phantom!" Mother screamed, slamming the door and pushing the bolt tight. She was terribly frightened. Her panic alarmed me and I began to cry and cling to her skirt.

When father came home, he pounded furiously on the locked door. Mother slid back the bolt and he stepped inside quickly, locking the door behind him. My father was no coward. Mother often said, "Father wouldn't be afraid if the devil came and stood in the door." But now he was visibly, and shakingly, frightened.

"Yes," mother breathed, "it seemed to come from right back of the house." Shep was so scared that he whined from behind the stove.

"It must have been the phantom!" Father stammered. "I had just crossed the foot log when something tried to get into the basket of meat. I thought it was Shep, but when I swung around with the lantern, the thing jumped back in the bushes. I was almost out of the woods when it tried again to get into the basket of meat. I swung around with the lantern and it jumped into the bushes with eyes gleaming like live coals. Then it gave the awful scream. It almost shook the ground under my feet."

He caught his breath and went on: "I tossed the meat into the bushes and hurried on to the post office. Mother, I was really scared. I dreaded to walk home through the woods, but I knew you'd be frightened if I didn't come back. I thought the thing might smell the blood from the butchering and come right up to the house. I believe it was the lantern that saved my life. If it hadn't been afraid of the light, it might have attacked me. I've heard that wild animals are afraid of fire."

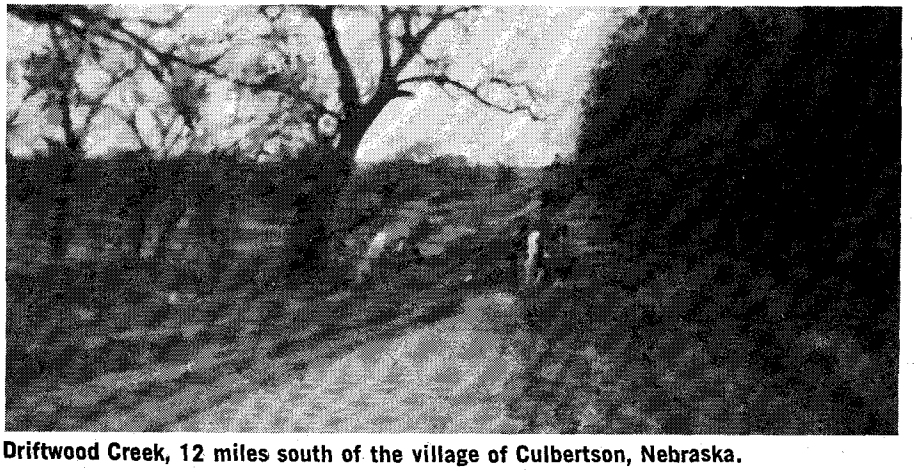
The mystery of the phantom was solved a few weeks later when Sam Edwards prize yearling failed to come home one morning with the cows. Sam was counting on that yearling for his winter's meat, so he marched straight into the house, pulled his gun down from the rafters, and walked swiftly down the cow trail to the canyon. At the edge of the woods, he found the yearling, its throat torn open and a hind quarter partly eaten. Big, gory, tracks in the snow led up the canyon wall, where a ledge of rocks jutted out from the bank. Sitting in the morning sun, licking its paws, was a big, tawny, mountain lion. Glutted with meat, he was preparing for his morning nap.

Sam turned to a statue, not daring to breathe. He knew he was too far away for a good shot. He knew, too, that a lion can cover an incredible distance in a few, giant, leaps. Would it attack if only slightly wounded? Seething with rage over his dead yearling, Sam knew he must take a chance. He raised the gun, took careful aim up the slope, and fired. With a cry of pain, the lion leaped high in the air, turned tail, and headed for the woods.

The lion was wounded, Sam knew, but he didn't know how badly. He gave chase, but dropped the trail of blood when the lion ducked into a wild plum thicket. Sam was afraid to follow through the tangle of vines and bushes where the lion would have the advantage in an encounter. Sadly he walked back to the house.

The phantom was never seen again in our neighborhood, but a few weeks later he had a letter from a friend at Ogallala, Nebraska, who told of having killed a half-starved mountain lion with a broken leg.

We felt sure it was the phantom, but my childish mind had been so terrified by tales of depredation, that to this day the sight of a lion gives me goose pimples. ●



Driftwood Creek, 12 miles south of the village of Culbertson, Nebraska.

(Author's collection)

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FRONTIER BOOKSTORE

by Vera Holding

THE HEROIC TRIAD by Paul Horgan. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $7.95.

This is a special subject and a very special book, for it deals with the glory of the Southwest. It represents the backgrounds of three southwestern cultures in small essays that are almost lyrical. But, since it was written by a Pulitzer Prize winner, one naturally expects it to be something special.

The three clutures depicted by Horgan, each of a different time, details the beliefs and behavior of the peoples who fashioned a great empire Horgan shows the Pueblo Indians bound to the present through a sense of unity with all life; the Spanish tied to the past; and to the Anglo-Americans endowed with a stake in the future.

The fascinating book headings give the reader an idea of the treat in store. They are: "The Rio Grande Pueblos, The Ancients;" "Conquering Spaniards and Their Mexican Sons;" and "Anglo-Americans, Sons of Democracy."

*

CHOCTAW LITTLE FOLK by Novella Goodman Martin. Naylor. $3.95.

For a change of pace, I've come up with a most interesting book for the youth of the family. They are legends of the Choctaws as told by Peter Hudson, a Choctaw, and Mrs. Josephone Latimer, part Choctaw. These legends answer the questions of curious children. Where the sun sleeps. Why flowers grow. Why the possom's tail grows no hair. Just to name a few of the questions answered in this delightful book. Dr. Angie Debo, famed Indian researcher, is credited with assistance on this unique volume.

*

THE SPOKANE INDIANS, CHILDREN OF THE SUN, by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown, University of Oklahoma Press. $8.95.

This is a detailed and interesting history of the Spokanes of the Columbia Plateau in the Pacific Northwest. Very little has been written about the Spokane Indians, and this is part of a series inaugurated by the University of Oklahoma Press some thirty years ago. The Spokanes sought friendship with the intruding tide of explorers, traders, missionaries, and military men; while most of the other tribes were warriors, trying to hold back this invasion by whites.

An exciting, and most revealing, book about a little-known tribe of Indians, it is well worth reading and depositing on your shelf of Historical Western Literature.

*

GHOST GOLD by Oren Arnold, The Naylor Co. $3.95.

The tale endures. Whether from fantasies of greed or indisputable reality, the hoary legend of a lost gold mine in an Arizona mountain refuses to pass into history. It only grows.

Oren Arnold, prolific author of some sixty books, humorist, columnist, and the "dean of Western writers" first told the Lost Dutchman Mine story in *Saturday Evening Post. Shortly after that, The* Don's Club of Phoenix had a few copies printed for their use. In 1954, The Naylow Company of San Antonio published the book, GHOST GOLD, and ever since has been reprinting and reprinting it to meet the continual demand.

A second revised and enlarged edition now brings up-to-date the curious happenings in and around Superstition Mountain, Arizona.

It seems even today's "flower children" are not immune to gold fever. The roll of Lost Dutchman prospectors includes the highly educated, and adventursome, the serious treasure hunters, and plenty of get-rick-quick types—the old, the young, the suburban-soft, the Western-tough, men, boys, and even women.

Ignoring superstition for a moment, the odds against survival in Superstitition Mountain are not good. No matter how many TV shows or movies you've seen of the rugged Old West, you cannot comprehend the harshness of the mountain canyons or the savagery of the climate unless you experience it yourself.

And what of superstition? Author Arnold makes no case for the supernatural; he cannot objectively do more than enumerate the murders, deaths, and disappearances in Superstition Mountain. This, the most popular story of the original discovery of a fabulous mine and the subsequent fortunes and misfortunes of those who sought it, is an eternally fascinating tale. The Dutchman—evil old Jacob Walz—murdered without hesitation to preserve his find and since his death no one has positively located the same mine, though some gold has been brought out.

It has been over 120 years since a young Mexican and two Apaches carried out the first load of nuggets, according to legend. Jacob Walz died in 1892, leaving sketchy directions to his mine. Because it hasn't been found again in eighty years doesn't mean it isn't there. Then again, maybe it has been found, but, of course, bleached skulls give little witness.

One thing is sure. Superstition Mountain is a malevolent place, determinedly protecting its GHOST GOLD. ●

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BIG NOSE KATE AND OTHER LADIES OF TOMBSTONE

(Continued from page 11)

elegance of Blonde Marie, but she knew her business and did well as a madam. When she felt that Tombstone was fading she packed up all her girls and went to San Francisco.

The manager of all the French madams and their houses was a man called the "Count." He appeared in Tombstone approximately every three months, checked on business, brought new girls, and took the old ones to other towns.

A direct contrast to the elegant French madams and prostitutes was Crazy Horse Lil. She was big, she was tough, and she knew, and used, language that would make a Barbary Coast sailor blush. Her greatest pleasure was to get roaring drunk and start a fight. She had no preference . . . she would fight man, woman, or beast. A great deal of her time was spent in jail for disturbing the peace or breaking up the fixtures in saloons.

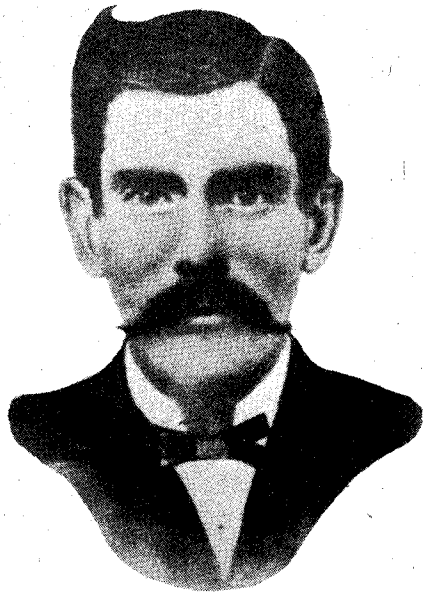
When she left Tombstone she settled in Brewery Gulch in Bisbee. The miners at Bisbee and Lowell loved her Amazon good looks and her rough style. Consequently, she made money hand over fist.

Sad to say Lil and her gentleman friend of the moment, Con O'Shea, grew greedy and masterminded a number of local robberies. When the law drew close they both disappeared from Arizona and were never seen again.

One of Tombstone's most unusual sometime-prostitutes was Big Minnie. Her husband was Joe Bignon, Manager of the Bird Cage Theatre. She often performed there and Joe billed her as: "Big Minnie . . . six feet tall and 230 pounds of loveliness in pink tights." She frequently acted as the bouncer, too.

The Bignons arrived in Tombstone in 1881 and were employed by Billy Hutchinson, the owner of the Bird Cage. When Billy left Tombstone they bought it from him.

By 1890 the boom was over and Tombstone was dying. The Bignons sold the Bird Cage and bought the Crystal Palace. Soon after, gold was discovered over in Pearce and business really faded in the old silver camp. Minnie and Joe went to Pearce and opened Joe Bignon's Palace. Many people from Tombstone were already at the new gold camp and several entire houses were moved from Tombstone to Pearce. Even the first man killed in Pearce was from Tombstone. Both Big Minnie and Joe lie in eternal rest in the cemetery in the ghost town of Pearce.



Doc Holliday

On some occasions the arguments of the girls in the redlight district ended in violence. Such was the story of Gold Dollar or Little Gertie.

Little Gertie, the Gold Dollar, was the trade name of a Sixth Street prostitute. It is quiet possible that this name came about because, at the time, her U.S. mine was producing a coin that was smaller than a dime and valued at one dollar. As her name indicated the girl was of diminutive stature and had golden yellow hair. It was also well known that the tiny girl had to be assessed strictly in monetary terms.

The women of Tombstone's heyday were quite sensitive about their men, and Gold Dollar was no exception. She had taken a fancy to a local tinhorn gambler, Billy Milgreen, and fully intended that no other woman get her hands on him. They were living together and Billy was considered Gold Dollar's man by the denizens of the red-light district. That is, up until Margarita came to town. Margarita was tall, dark ,and willowy; a direct contrast to the tiny Gold Dollar. The Mexican prostitute took one look at Billy Milgreen and began to move in on Gold Dollar, although she knew the relationship between Billy and the little dance hall girl.

Lizette, the Flying Nymph who soared for the Monarch Carnival Co.

Billy, when taken to task by Gold Dollar, solemnly promised that he would have nothing whatever to do with the sultry Margarita.

Then one evening Billy felt the urge to play a few hands of poker and, after much persuasion, Gold Dollar agreed to let him do so, providing he stay away from Margarita. Billy promised and headed for the Bird Cage where a game was already in progress. Actually, Billy was sincere in his promise to Gold Dollar because he took a seat and was apparently interested only in the fortune of his cards. Still Margarita, miffed because Billy ignored her, teased and flirted with him while he played poker, and she *was an attractive* girl.

Gold Dollar, who was working at the Crystal Palace, was not entirely convinced that her boy friend was going to be the angel he had promised to be. Therefore, she was soon in front of the Bird Cage doors where she could glimpse Billy as each customer entered or left. As fate would have it, she looked in to see Margarita strutting around the table teasing Billy. Suddenly, she plopped herself down in Billy's lap and began kissing him.

That was all Gold Dollar needed. She burst into the room and screamed, "Get away from him, you chippy! I've warned you before!"

She grabbed a handful of Margarita's long hair and yanked her away from Billy. The Mexican girl fought back with sharp nails and flying feet. But she was no match for her infuriated adversary. Gold Dollar pushed Margarita over a table, then reached for the knife in her garter. Raising the wicked blade high, she stabbed Margarita in the side.

Margarita was dead by the time the doctor reached her. No action was ever taken against Gold Dollar, but she soon disappeared from Tombstone.

One prostitute, Irish Mag, was much more fortunate than most of the Tombstone ladies of joy. While entertaining a customer one night, she was quite surprised when the man unexpectedly asked her to grubstake him so he could go prospecting.

Mag had never seen the man before, but on an impulse she dug into her meager savings to loan him the money.

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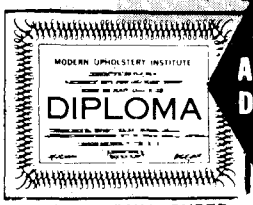

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The prospector took the money and left, neglecting to pay for her favors. She berated herself for some time for lending money to a complete stranger. After awhile she decided that the money was gone, and that was that.

Several months passed and one day the stranger returned. Mag was stunned when he told her that he had struck it rich and that a half million dollars now rested in Wells Fargo, deposited in her name. Irish Mag quit the business, took her money and returned to Belfast, Ireland, to live respectably the rest of her life.

During the height of the silver boom there were several hundred Chinese in the old camp. A fat, healthy, Chinese woman, who wore heavy, expensive, silks and rare jewelry, was the absolute ruler over all the Oriental population. She was known as China Mary and was married to Ah Lum, a partner to Quong Kee in the Can-Can Restaurant.

China Mary not only controlled Hoptown, but virtually owned every Oriental in Tombstone; life, body, and soul. Her word was undisputed law.

Practically all the cooking, washing, and housecleaning was accomplished thru Chinese labor. If any person wished to hire a houseboy, servant, or a Chinese prostitute, they went to China Mary and made the necessary arrangements. No Chinese in Tombstone could be hired except through her. Not only did she hire them out, but she guaranteed their honesty and willingness to work.

Mary handled all the narcotics in Tombstone and the peddling of human flesh that was done in the Chinese section. She also operated a store where she sold Chinese delicacies and objects of art. In addition, she ran Chinese gambling games, mostly fantan in the back of her store. She was influential in tong affairs and was most likely connected with the Six Companies of San Francisco. In addition she owned several opium dens and supplied opium to the girls in the red-light district uptown.

Crazy Horse Lil

Regardless of all her shady operations, China Mary was respected and well liked in Tombstone. She loaned money to any who impressed her as honest and hard working. No sick or injured person was ever turned from her door. At her death she was buried in the Chinese section of Boothill.

One of Tombstone's madams earned the title "Queen of the Red Light District." She was "Dutch Annie," the belle of the silver boomtown, and friend to everyone.

Although she was a soiled dove, Annie was looked upon as a camp angel. Numerous times she was known to stake a miner who was down on his luck, and give him a new start in life.

When she died all Tombstone mourned and turned out to bury her in Boothill with dignity and splendor. Prominent business men and citizens, along with members of the underworld and girls of the red-light district, attended her funeral.

Over a thousand buggies followed her to her final resting place. As with almost all of Tombstone's ladies of sin, no one ever knew her real name. Consequently, her grave is marked with a simple epitaph which reads, "Dutch Annie 1883."

These lusty, busty, women were a part of the history of Tombstone; equally as important as the prospectors, the gamblers, and the ranchers. Many a man had a lady of sin to thank for the stake that started him out. ●

May Davenport, a carnival girl who became a madam. Later, she left Tombstone and built "May's Place" in Cananea, Mexico.

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THE BLACK COWBOY WHO MADE THE FOLSOM DISCOVERIES

(Continued from page 14)

But by the time the scientists pronounced the bones unusual, McJunkin had dismounted forever.

He died in 1922, without confirmation of his guesses about those bones. He never knew that those bones, alon with other evidence the paleontologists were to unearth, would one day help prove that a Stone-Age Man had discovered our land at least 70 to 80 centuries before Columbus and 1Company came. For there were to be additional, startling, finds at the bone bed in Wild Horse Arroyo.

Paleontologists discovered pieces of flint that had been worked into weapons . . . stone spearpoints, in fact. They found these points not only strewn in the vicinity of the skeleton, but also lodged in the clay matrix between ribs. Immediately aware of the staggering implications of this find, the paleontologists knew they must have the confirmation of another branch of science: archeology. Since man-made articles, artifacts, such as the spearpoints, come within the province of archeology, it was time to call archeologists in to evaluate the evidence.

But Dr. Figgins was to find the archeologists hard to convince. As both McJunkin and Howarth had met a lack of enthusiasm for their finds at earlier stages. Dr. Figgins met the same discouragements when he urged the archeologists to come and take a look. Their inaction was probably due also to the preconceived notions of certain members of the archeological establishment. These "deities" of archeology had notions of a relatively late migration of men into North America, and such notions bore large signs saying, "Do Not Disturb."

Finally, however, certain archeologists of the Smithsonian Institute and the American Museum of Natural History found a 1927 telegram from Dr. Figgins irresistible. He'd said, in effect, that his excavators had found another spearpoint embedded in fossil material and urged them to view it *in situ*

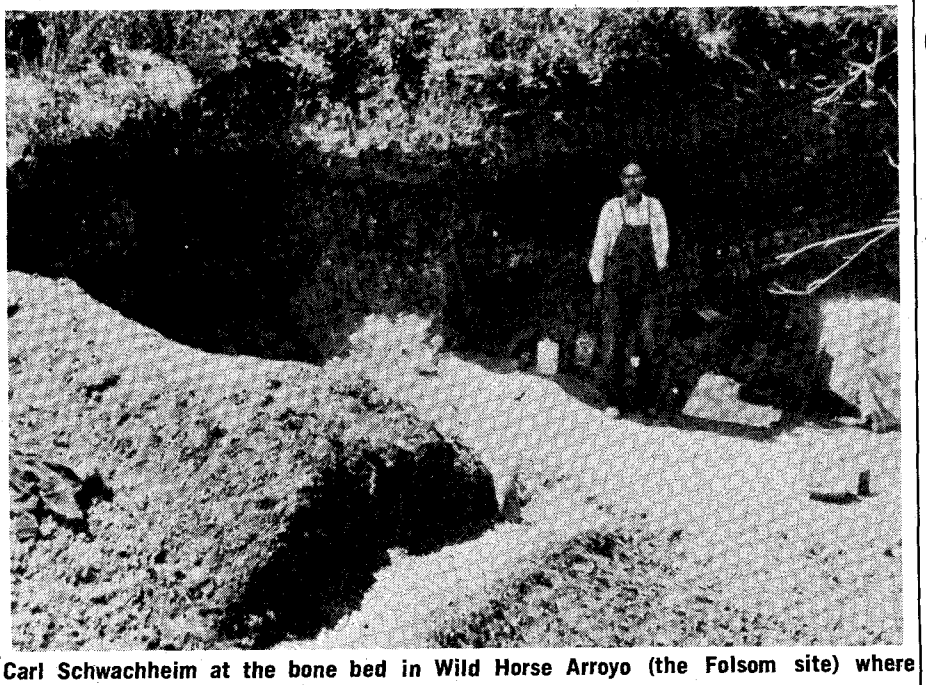
They came, they saw, they were convinced. Detective work by teams of paleontologists and archeologists (along with geologists) brought in the evidence that the bison had been killed by contemporaneous men.

The archeologists could no longer let their sleeping dogmas lie. Man had been here at least 10,000 years!

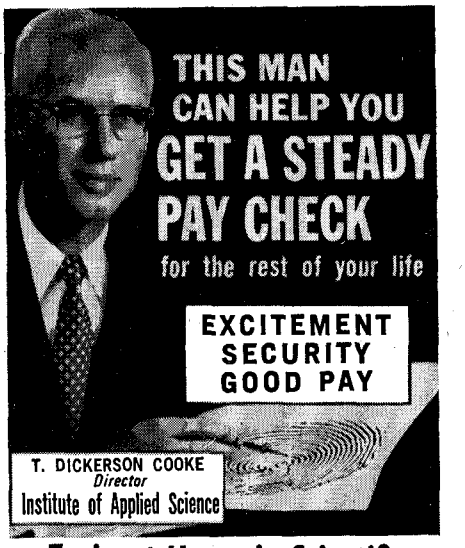
Now, the word *Folsom is part of ar*cheology's vocabulary: Folsom Point; Folsom Culture; Folsom Site; Folsom Complex.

Since the excavations at Folsom, similar fluted spearpoints have been found at other sites. Other artifacts and other studies have set even earlier dates on man's migrations into our land. The significance of the Folsom find rests in its proof that man has been here not hundreds of years, but tens of thousands of years. The first recognition of this fact came from the Folsom data.

Except for passing reference in books about Negroes or about archeology in southwestern United States, there's been little notice of the part



Carl Schwachheim at the bone bed in Wild Horse Arroyo (the Folsom site) where McJunkin sighted the ancient bones.



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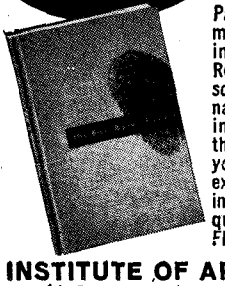

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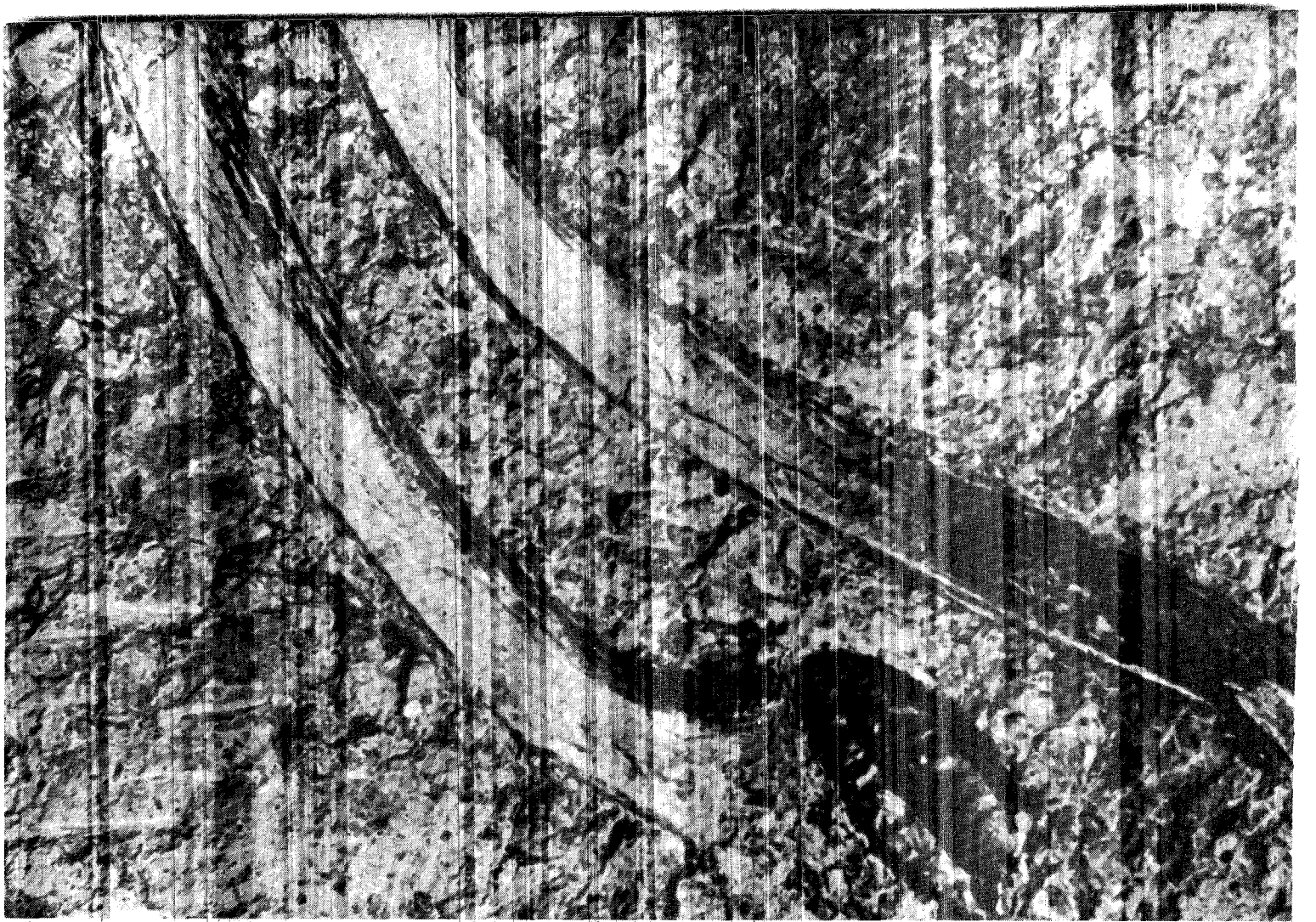

Projectile point found between bison bones at Folson site. (Paleo-Indian Institute, Dept. of Anthropology, Eastern N.M. University)

George McJunkin played in this revolution in archeological thought. Plaudits went entirely to other men. The inquisitiveness, discernment, and persistent heralding of his find by this bright black are little known. The only "official" notice of him has been the George McJunkin Award of Honor presented to outstanding amateurs in archeology by the Instituto Interamericano. For this notice, this Award, we can thank Dr. George W. Agogino of Eastern New Mexico University, and Dr. Carl Compton of the Instituto at North Texas.

George was born to a slave couple who had been given as a wedding present to Gideon Roberds and his bride. In 1872, the 15-year-old black boy rode with the Roberds as they made their painful way through Comanche territory from Texas to Colorado. Gideon, driven by gold-fever, moved his charges and chattels, including 800 wild horses, in a two-year trey through Palo Duro Canon to southeast Colorado, near Trinidad. The horses, Gideon's grubstake until he struck it rich, became the start of young McJunkins spectacularly successful career as a bronco-buster.

George McJunkin in later years cared for the children of his employer. (Collection of Mary L. Doherty)

About 24 when he rode out of Colorado into New Mexico, McJunkin was to spend the rest of his life working cattle and gentling horses on the ranches of these great, grassy, plains. More than just a ranch hand, he became part of the families where he worked, bossed their kids, taught them how to get around a green gelding, and yarned with them about his own youth, as a driver of ox-teams for Texas freighters and, later, as a buffalo-hide hunter for a contractor who paid him 25 cents per hide.

We asked the daughter of one of the kids McJunkin bossed if she'd heard how he broke a horse. Mary Laurine (Owens) Doherty said, "When he was just starting out breaking horses, he told us he used to sit on the corral gate and drop down on a horse as it went by, and just hang on." Mrs. Doherty remembered hearing one of the hands who'd learned from McJunkin the art of gentling a horse say, "My hands smarted many a time from George's quirt if I grabbed at the saddle apple when the horse started to pitch."

McJunkin gave and took affection and respect easily. He made himself indispensable to the parents of chil-

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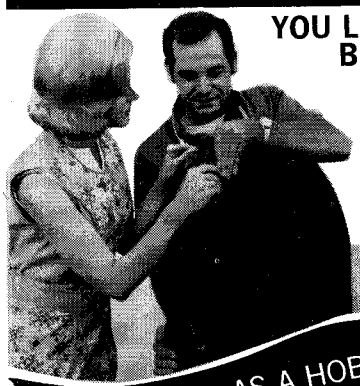

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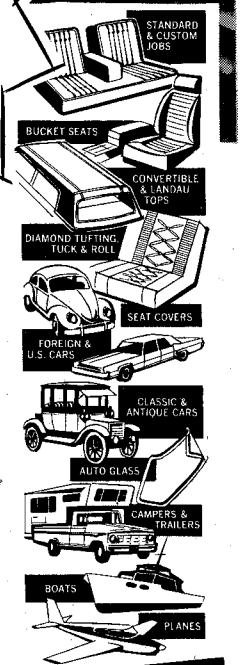

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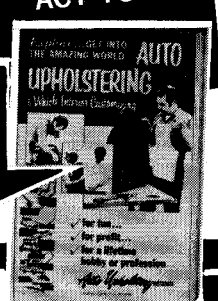

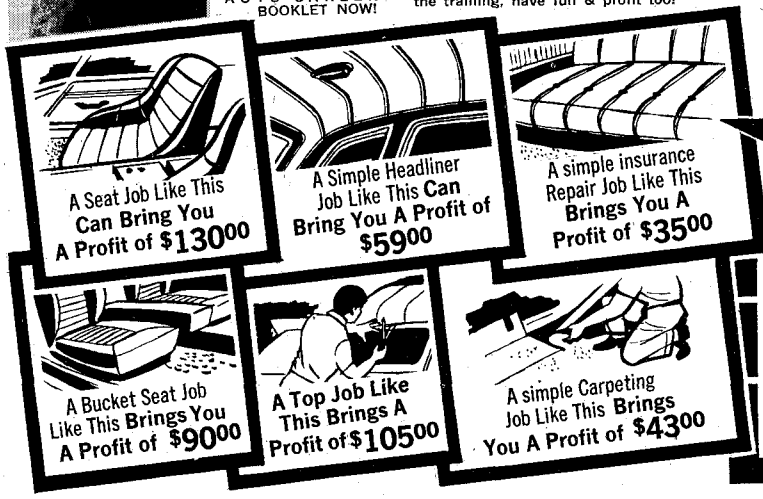
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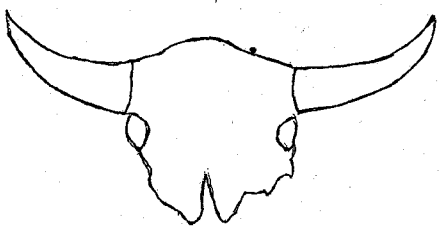
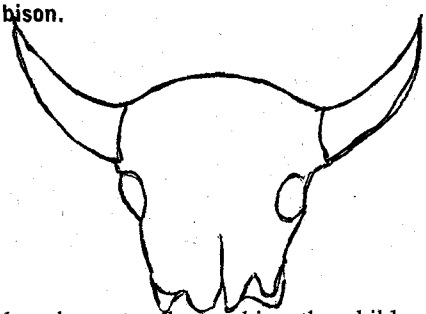


Horn-spread of the type of bison McJunkin found (upper sketch) contrasted with the spread of a modern bison.



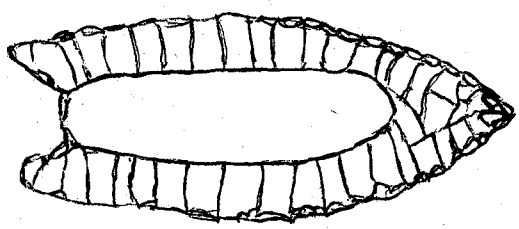
dren by not only teaching the children the chores, but also, as Ivan Shoemaker recalls, acting as chaperone. "My father used to let me go to ride in the match races if George could go along." "George could do anything," Shoemaker states flatly. "He knew blacksmithing, knew how to cut (castrate) a horse, could treat a colicky pony, and build anything you wanted."

The kind of nursing care McJunkin had in his last illness says a great deal about how his Folsom neighbors regarded him. Without conscious effort, the swollen, dropsical child of slaves had acquired a cadre of slaves. The whitehaired old black man's neighbors, former bosses, and ranch hands who'd worked under him, organized themselves into a volunteer nursing corps, with scheduled duty hours.

Ernie Brandt, of neighboring T-O Ranch, told newspaperman, Fritz Thompson, the story of joining his cronies in an ingenious effort to ease McJunkin's pain. "Would a little whiskey hurt George?" They'd asked Dr. Steele. "Neither hurt nor help," had been the docgor's answer. Accordingly, Brandt and friends rigged a bottle-to-bed tube that would conduct Taos lightning to the thirsty patient.

Brandt recallec that McJunkin opened his eyes, looked up at the unhappy, grieving faces of the 'punchers grouped around his bed, and said, "Looks like you fellows was dyin' instead of me."

McJunkin's grave in God's little acre,



Folsom points characteristically show removal of long flake—probably for hafting.

the Folsom cemetery, got a marker a few years ago, thanks to Mrs. Doherty. Had an epitaph been added, eminently fitting would be Marilyn Mullins' remarks about him. In the *West Texas Livestock Weekly*, she wrote: "Had George McJunkin been blessed with but a little formal education, instead of mere cow sense, he might have been immortalized by having his name pinned on his discovery, or, at least, to the town." But, even without the education, his name on the discovery or the town, he'll still be remembered as the black cowpuncher who helped change the prehistory books. ●

CALIFORNIA JOE: CUSTER'S SCANDALOUS CHIEF OF SCOUTS

(Continued from page 17)

how to trap, skin and, in general, stay alive in the wilderness. Joe fashioned a fever to see his folks again after receiving a letter from them stating that they planned to emigrate to Warren Count in Missouri. The young trapper set out east by joining an outfit of mountain men bound for St. Louis with furs.

The outfit reached Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in early June, 1846. War had been declared against Mexico, and the post was busy mobilizing men and animals under the watchful eye of General Stephen W. Kearney. Milner's youthful blood raced with ferver and he immediately joined the army as a packer. It was during the Mexican War that Milner was appointed guide for the famous "Doniphan Expedition" which made an enviable record during those hectic days.

While in Sante Fe, Joe participated in every mentionable act, from riding in horse races to wrestling. Shooting matches were his favorite, as long as they held a purse for the winner. Out of this, he became known as one of the best riflemen at Fort Marcy (New Mexico). Once more he picked up his trail homeward, and finally re-uniting with his family in Missouri in 1848, he again took up his rifle, only this time it was to keep game on the table. He probably stayed longer than he had planned. The coming of Spring found his restless spirit up again, and once more the headstrong frontiersman spurred his horse towards the far west.

His fever this time was the urge to prospect the California gold fields. With better luck than usual, Milner came back with his pockets bulging and an eye for business speculation. After returning to St. Louis for a few weeks, he paid another visit to his father's farm in Missouri. It was on this trip that he fell in love with Miss Nancy Emma Watts.

On Joe's 21st birthday, May 8th, 1850, he joined hands in matrimony with Miss Watts, her age being 13 years and 8 months. Stiking up with a group of California-bound gold seekers, Milner agreed to scout the passage, providing he could bring his new bride with him, of course accepting all of his own responsibilities. Upon reaching Sacramento, the gateway to the rich northern mines, he left his wife with friends and hastened to the camps of the American, Yuba, and Feather rivers. After a few months prospecting, he would rejoin his wife, bringing back with him a considerable amount of gold dust.

In 1852 California gold camps were very crowded and prices were above and beyond one's imagination. California Joe followed rumors of gold in Oregon. The country was hard and dangerous, but nevertheless, Joe struck out with a handful of wagons and cut a new trail from northern California to Oregon's Willamette Valley county.

With no roads to follow the little band scarcely made ten miles a day. On April 16th, 1852, the party reached Corvallis and, a few days later, Milner filed on three hundred and twenty acres. Later he purchased another three hundred and twenty acres adjoining his homestead, totaling six-hundred forty acres of the most fertile land in this rich valley.

After a short time, a cabin was erected and the family soon took up housekeeping. The young frontiersman stocked his land with the best blooded cattle and horses he could find on the west coast, and planned for a large family and bright prospects for the future.

California Joe had spent too many years being a free man in the wilderness as a trapper and hunter to settle down to the dull and monotonous life of a rnacher. When his wife, Nancy, found that she couldn't keep him at home any longer, she bade him farewell, and settled down on the farm to await his return. Before his journey, Milner hired five trusted helpers to care for the ranch and to see to the needs of the family. Leaving more than enough gold dust to cover costs, California Joe headed out for the mountains and a free life of roaming.

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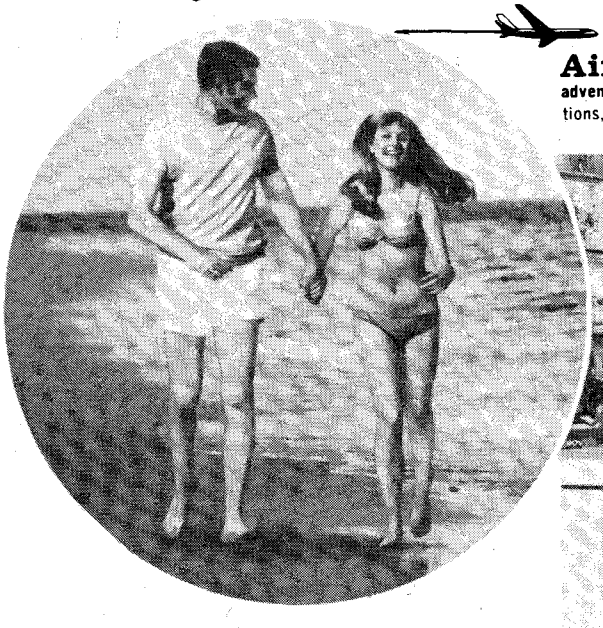

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When stories of rich gold strikes in eastern Washington and Idaho reached Oregon, as early as the summer of 1859, California Joe was already preparing for the trip. He had bought into a pack train, richly stocked with the best whiskey on the frontier, ready to head for the new gold camps. But at Walla Walla he decided to sell his entire outfit for a good price, keeping only his Kentucky mare which he prized the most.

Setting out again to the Salmon River diggings, a few miles from Grangeville, Idaho, Joe panned for gold while moving along the washes and found tributaries with an abundance of small nuggets on the creek bottoms. Deciding that this was an ideal location to work the washes, he immediately filed a placer claim on the main trail (placer claim refers to working above ground, while a lode claim refers to working beneath the ground).

At the beginning of Fall in 1859, California Joe erected a sturdy log cabin to work out from. He named that place Mount Idaho. The next spring Joe constructed a toll road approximately three miles long, shortening the distance to the mines by several miles. This proved to be a profitable venture for he charged one dollar for each man or horse that traveled the cut-off.

In addition to his fortified cabin, Joe decided to add another building where he could serve the much-traveled "trail miners" with good whiskey at an open bar, and meals at a dollar a plate. This venture was a total success. He couldn't carry the constant flow of miners each night and continue his daily habits during the day. In some cases the miners knew no regular hours.

It finally came to hiring additional help, this being the "down-and-outers," or busted miners, who had spent their last grub-stake dollar on whiskey and gambling. No man ever left California Joe's cabin without a free hand-out if he was "down-and-out," likely a good jolt from his private jug, was an added generosity, something to stiffen any man's spine.

California Joe became involved with so many verbal partnerships of played out mines, that it was almost hard to tell a good deal from a sour one. Most of the time, the mines turned out worthless. Although some of the men that Joe grubstaked, (knowing the circumstances and writing it off at a loss) succeeded in later life, they never forgot his kindness.

California Joe killed his first man, a half-breed, in the fall of 1860 for stealing his prized Kentucky mare. After putting up for the night and filling his gut with whiskey and grub the next morning, the half-breed expressed a desire to saddle-up and then return to the cabin to pay his bill for lodging and meals. Trusting the man and thinking nothing more about it, Joe allowed the man to go outside and finish his business. The half-breed saddled Joe's mare and lit out on the only trail heading to the gold fields. One of Joe's hired hands seeing this, rushed into the bar room and informed Joe of the sly deed and pointed in the direction the mounted horse had sped.

The half-breek almost got away with it. However, knowing the country well, Joe took a short cut and made it in time to conceal himself in the brush with a clear view down the trail he had built. It wasn't long afterwards when the rider and horse came into view, only a short distance from where Joe lay. Almost compelled to call out to the man in his anger, Joe let his trigger finger squeeze off the shot. A cloud of smoke belched from Joe's big riffle, sending the ball crashing through the man's skull . . . killing him instantly. Joe headed back to the cabin with the mare tied behind, leaving the dead man where he had fallen with half his head shot away. On a piece of paper California Joe printed, "WARNING TO HORSE THIEVES, MOSES MILNER, MT. IDAHO," and pinned it to the body for others to find.

This sort of swift justice was the "Code of the West." Stealing a man's horse was an unforgivable crime and would surely bring the thief to a quick end when caught. During the great migration, the pioneers brought swift justice to thieves of this sort, or any other for that matter, by unhitching the team, propping the wagon tongue upwards toward the sky, and hanging the man from the end of it. This is, if there were no available trees in the immediate area.

In the August issue of "Harpers Weekly" 1862, there appeared an article giving a candid portrait of one "California Joe." It seemed a natural thing to do for any contemporary writer to use this bit of information and weave it into a book or article, and build a public hero into a national image. Probably here is where the reader or interested follower was led off onto the wrong track, thinking that the Harpers article awas written about the army life of "California Joe," scout and Indian fighter of the western plains. First of all, it did not come close to describing Moses E. Milner accurately. The article places Joe in about the mid fifties . . . "but looks a score of years younger. He shoots grizzly bears while in the hills of California and carries a telescoptic rifle at all times. Early during the Civil War, California Joe stepped from the ranks of his comrades to a most admirable corps, Berdan's Sharpshooters, to become the most efficient shot and famous sharpshooter." What the interested reader did not know was that the "California Joe" that Harpers mentions was one, Truman Head, Company "C", Berdan's U.S. Volunteer Sharpshooters . . . and not Moses E. Milner, the California Joe that chased Indians for General Custer and Sherman, in the 1860's and 1870's.

California Joe came into enduring fame only thrugh the writings of General Custer and his wife, Elizabeth. In "Life on the Plains," Custer describes his first meeting with the scout near Ft. Dodge in October 1868, just prior to the Washita Battle.

With a number of other scouts, California Joe was attached to various segments of the cavalry. Each acted separately from one another. The eventual purpose was to organize them into a separate detachment. Then one of thier own number would be placed in command as Chief of Scouts.

In Custer's "Life on the Plains" he writes about the scout. "Being unacquainted personally with the merits or demerits of any of them (referring to the scouts) the selection of a chief had necessarily to be made somewhat at random. There was one among their number whose appearance would have attracted the notice of any casual observer. He was a man about forty years of age, perhaps older, over six feet in height, and possessing a well-proportioned frame. His head was covered with a luxuriant crop of long, almost black hair, strongly inclined to curl, and so long as to fall carelessly over his shoulders. His face, at least as much of it as was not concealed by the long, waving, brown beard and moustache, was full of intelligence and pleasant to look upon. His eyes were undoubtedly handsome, black and lustrous, with an expression of kindness and mildness combined. On his head was generally to be seen, whether awake or asleep, a huge sombrero, or black slouch hat. A soldier's overcoat, with its large circular cape, a pair of trousers, with the legs tucked in the top of his long boots, usually constituted the make-up of the man whom I selected as Chief of Scouts. He was known by the euphonious title of "California Joe;" no other name seemed ever to have been given him, and no other name appeared to be necessary."

Custer seemed rather confident in California Joe and informed the mountain man on short acquaintance of his promotion as Chief of Scouts. California Joe was just as much shocked at the appointment as the other scouts were in learning of his acceptance. Many were confident in the appointment because of friendly association with officers close to Custer. After the official interview had been opened, California Joe thought it proper to cultivate a

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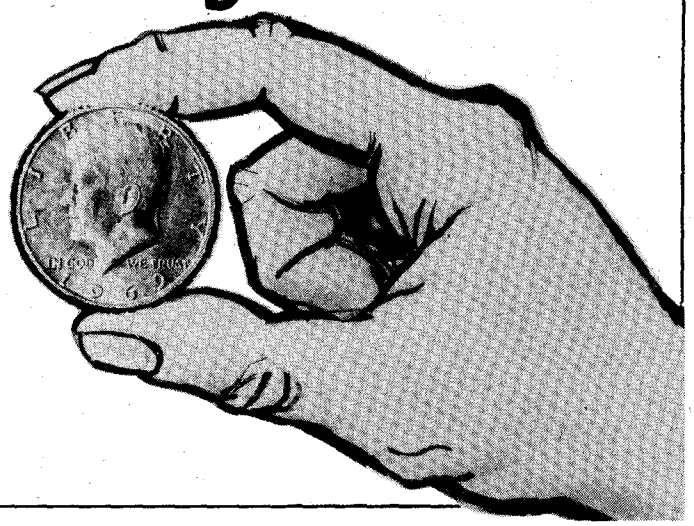

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deeper and more intimate acquaintance at this first meeting.

He frankly addressed Custer with a question of his own: "See hyar, Gineral, in order thet we hev no misunderstandin', I'd jist like ter ax ye, first, are ye an am'blance man or a hoss man?"

Professing ignorance to the meaning of the question, Custer asked him to explain. "What I mean is, do yerb'lievein catchin' Injuns in am'blances or on hossback?" asked Joe.

"Well Joe, I believe in catching Indians wherever we can find them, whether they are in ambulances or on horseback."

Changing position in his chair, California Joe inhaled deeply from his ash-caked brierwood pipe, which was in full eruption and belching smoke that seemed to bring tears to the General's eyes. "Thet ain't what I'm a-driving' at," he said, "s'pose you're after Injuns and really want ter hev a tussel with 'em. Would yer start after 'em on hossback, or would yer climb inter an am'blance and be hauled after 'em? Thet's ther pint I'm a headin' fer!"

Custer answered that he would prefer the method of horseback, providing he really desired to catch the Indians, but if he wished them to catch him, he would adopt the "ambulance system" of attack.

"You've hit the nail squar' on the head!" Joe said shaking a finger at the commander. "I've bin with 'em on the plains whar they started out after Injuns on wheels jist as ef they war goin' to a funeral in ther States, an' they stood 'bout as many chances uv catchin' Injuins ez a six-mule team would uv catchin' a pack uv thievin' Ky-o-Tees, jes as much."

California Joe's occupation as Chief of Scouts lasted about as long as a good bottle of eastern whiskey would to any thirsty soldier on the frontier. Only weeks before the "Battle of the Washita," November 27, 1868, four separate detachments were at once ordered in readiness to move out for an all-night ride in hope of stumbling upon a campfire or other indications of an Indian Rendezvous. It was greatly anticipated by the officers that a short and decisive battle would occur, thus eliminating the marauding hostiles active in that area. Each detachment numbered about one hundred cavalry, well-mounted and well-armed. Guides who knew the country well were assigned to each, and California Joe headed the column as "Chief of Scouts." Joe never seemed to lack for material or disposition to carry on a conversation of his personal experiences with Indians, and episodes in mining life, and for the first few hours while in the saddle he entertained his riding partner.

Joe had gained a certain foundness toward his canteen and had drawn upon it more than usual. However, unknown to the officers riding with him, the canteen was filled to the brim with the worst brand of whiskey. Perhaps Joe did not intend to indulge to that great extent which might disable him from properly performing his duties, but in this, like many other good men whose appetites for whiskey are stronger than their resolutions, California Joe failed in his reckoning. As the liquor took its effect, Joe's independence increased. His mule, no longer restrained by his hand, slowly graduated him, by degree, away from the troops until the only part of the expedition which Joe recognized as at all important was California Joe and his mule.

As the troops continued forward, hardly anyone took notice of the disappearnace of their Chief of Scouts. The night was passing away uninterrupted, and only a few hours more intervened before daylight would make its appearance. The troops had been marching constantly since leaving camp; some were almost sound asleep in their saddles when the column was halted, and the word was passed along from man to man that the advanced guard had discovered fresh signs indicating a small band of Indians near by.

Every member of the command came alert, and any sensations of sleep were soon dispelled. The advanced guard, consisting of a non-commissioned officer and a few privates had reached a crest, and below them in the heavy darkness of night, shown several flashes of light. A hasty consultation of officers governed it unwise to attack without knowing the enemy's numbers and its position. A chosen party of men, under the guidance of California Joe, was to crawl close to the enemy's position and gather all information available. The Chief of Scouts was no where in sight. A quiet search was made for him along both flanks of the column, but on careful inquiry it was determined that he had not been seen for several hours. Perhaps ,the scout had fallen asleep astride his faithful mule during the march and had been carried away from the column. By now the Indians surely would have him in thier clutches. As a party of men was being selected to approach the suspected Indian village below, a single rifle shot broke the stillness of the scene.

In a few moments, the most powerful howling and screams rose in the same direction of the rifle shot, as if a most terrible engagement of battle was taking place. Every carbine in the column was advanced and positioned for action in short time. Charging wildly toward the column, naw visible by the first rays of the moon, was California Joe.Shouting to the top of his voice, and now almost hoarse in tone, be began striking wildly to the right and the the left as if beset by a whole tribe of warriors.

It was his good fortune alone, that prevented him from receiving a volley before he was recognized as himself and not an Indian. It took more than four men to pull California Joe from his mount and release from his hands a wielding long, breech-loading, Springfield musket, from which he was inseparable. A Remington revolver, and hunting knife were also lifted from his waist belt. Joe's blood grew hot in temper, and all efforts to quiet or suppress him proved unavailing, until one officer in command was forced to bind him hand and foot, and in this condition secure him back on his faithful mule, under careful eye. In this sorry plight the Chief of Scouts continued with the troops until their return to camp, where he was transferred to the mercies of the guard as a prisoner for misconduct.

California Joe did take part in the Washita Expedition and, after the battle, the scout was chosen by Custer to carry the news to Sheridan. Declining any escort but that of his partner Jack Corbin, he traversed on mule-back the one hundred miles of snowbound, hostile country to Camp Supply . . . in 18 hours. With this almost unbelievable journey, California Joe may have wanted to prove to his superiors that he could be relied upon for any task put before him. Only from the shame of his last duties did Custer elevate his rank as Chief of Scouts . . . and not his morality. Custer did have faith in California Joe, and he expressed it in his writings.

General Sheridan wrote in his memoirs. . . . "An invaluable guide and Indian fighter . . . whenever the clause of the statute prohibiting liquors in the Indian country happened to be in full force. . . ."

In 1875, California Joe guided Col. Dodge's escort to Prof. Jenney's Black Hills Expedition, where once again he disappeared. Upon retruning to the column after a short period, he made this remark, "I only want'd tu see how much gold they wuz befor' ye galloots got th' best pickin's," After Joe returned to Fort Laramie for his discharge and payment, he soon went to the hills again as a prospector, only this time with a bigger pocket for a grubstake. In July, 1876, Joe was in Deadwood City when news came of Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn.

Struck with disbelief, the noted scout went immediately to Camp Robinson and joined the 5th Cavalry as guide, serving throughout the campaign, and finally returning with the troops in October.

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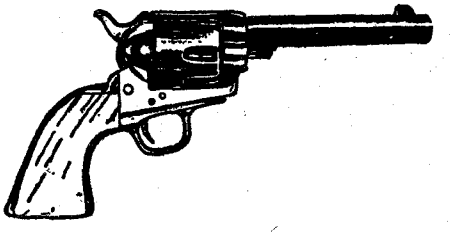

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With the disbanding of Crook's command, a new expedition of fresh troops of the 4th Cavalry, already commanded by General Ranald McKenzie, with California Joe as Chief of Scouts and Guide, was organized to travel north.

One afternoon, the day before the expedition was to leave Ft. Robinson, California Joe dropped into one of his favorite haunts, a bar and sutler's store, where a mixutre of managerial force congregated. There were miners, cowboys, and soldiers partaking of the poisonous frontier liquor. Joe didn't take too long to become intoxicated on the rot-gut booze served over the makeshift plank-and-barrel bar. Then Tom Newcomb walked in, drawing his pistol a few paces behind California Joe. This sort of thing could only have happened while Joe was drinking and feeling in the best of spirits. Had it been otherwise, Tom would have been dead instantly.

The crowd moved away quickly and someone shouted, "Look out, Joe!" The scout swung around, his pistol cocked and ready to fire. Joe's face beamed a smile from ear to ear. "Oh, hell, put up yer gun and hev a drink." Tom holstered his pistol and extended his hand in a friendly gesture. Both men shook hands and bellied up to the bar for drinks. After a half hour of conversation and drinking, Tom Newcombe departed, leaving California Joe still gossiping with his old "whiskey soaks."

Joe had made a mistake in his appraisal of Tom Newcomb. He was not the friend Joe thought but was actually carrying a grudge for a slight of several years before. Newcomb had sworn to even things out with Joe and now was his chance. The old scout was drinking heavily and could be caught off guard with ease. He grabbed a handy Winchester and quietly made his way through the shadows of the quartermasters corral, finding cover behind some wagons. There he waited.

A short while later, the six-foot scout straightened himself erect, threw a handful of coins onto the bar to cover the cost of the drinks, and walked out of the tent saloon.

As Joe stepped around the corner of the quartermaster's corral, just a few hundred feet from the busy saloon, a rifle shot ran out. Joe, partially turning, threw up his hands, exclaiming, "My God, what is it?" He fell flat on his face, revealing an ugly hole in his back.

Doctor V. T. McGillycuddy was almost the first to reach the body, finding the scout already dead. The body was carried to the hospital, where the good doctor performed an immediate autopsy. Inside Joe's coat, in a pocket, carefully wrapped in a piece of oil silk, was found a worn card bearing Joe's real name, date, and place of brith. Until then, his real name, Moses Embree Milner, had been a mystery.

As McKenzie's mounted troopers marched past the hospital the following morning, California Joe's body lay in a coffin of soft pine, draped with an American flag, just outside the front building. As the dusty column passed by, with their guidons flapping in the swift breeze, many soldier who knew Joe touched the brim of their hats in parting salute to an old friend who had gone out on his last expedition. He was buried on the bank of the White River. A red cedar board bore this inscription:

Moses Embree Milner
"California Joe"
Born in Stratford, Kentucky
1829
October 29th, 1876

Joe's murderer, Tom Newcomb, was caught shortly after the shooting and held prisoner at Fort Robinson, where he awaited trial by the State, and escort by the sheriff from Holt County, several hundred miles away. Several attempts to lynch Newcomb occurred during this wait and, knowing well the danger of another attempt, the officers at the post secretly released Newcomb. It was not their wish to receive a reprimand from the War Department after a lynching.

Only on one occasion was Tom Newcomb ever heard of again. In Deadwood, he boasted of the shooting of California Joe and was jailed again . . . only to be released. This time he disappeared entirely.

California Joe's quest for liquor was but the lubricant to finding new horizons, and frontiers with more elbow room for freedom. Already, the western frontiers were beginning to be a thing of the past. Though reticent about his personal life, on other matters he was garrulous, especially if any amount of liquor flowed. His stories, told in a jargon of frontier, gambling, and Indian grunts, were overflowing with fictitious heroism . . . but eagerly listened to with delight. He was brave, self-reliant, and above all, faithful. His artistry in scouting and accuracy with both rifle and pistol were attested to by all whom he had served. As a character of the frontier, he occupies a unique place. ●

"BIGFOOT" MYSTERIOUS WILDMAN OF THE WOODS

(Continued from page 24)

Arkansas. It appears that during March last, Mr. Hamilton of Greene County, Ar., while out hunting with an acquaintance, observed a drove of cattle in a state of apparent alarm, evidently pursued by some dreaded enemy. Halting for the purpose, they soon discovered, as the animals fled by them, that they were followed by an animal bearing the unmistakable likeness of humanity. He was if gigantic stature, the body being covered with hair and the head with long locks that fairly enveloped the neck and shoulders. The "wild man" after looking at them deliberately for a short time, turned and ran away with great speed, leaping twelve to fourteen feet at a time. His footprints measured thirteen inches each.

This singular cerature, the Enquirer says, has long been known traditionally in St. Francis, Green, and Poinsett Counties, Ar., sportsmen and hunters having described him seventeen years since. A painter, indeed, saw him very recently but withheld his information lest he should not be credited, until the account of Mr. Hamilton and his friend placed the existence of the animal beyond cavil.

A great deal of interest is felt in the matter, by the inhabitants of that region, and various conjectures have been ventured in regard to him. The most generally entertained idea appears to be that he was a survivor of the earthquake disaster which desolated that region in 1811. Thrown helpless upon the wilderness by that disaster, it is probable that he grew up in his savage state, until now he bears only the outward resemblance of humanity.

So well authenticated became the accounts of this creature, that an expedition was organized in Memphis, by Col. David C. Cross and Dr. Sullivan, to scout for him.

In November 5, 1870, the weekly *Butte Record in California* published the following narrative:

"A correspondent of the *Antioch Ledger*, writing from Gray*son under* the date of October 16th says:

"I saw in your paper a short time since, an item concerning the "gorilla" which was said to have been seen in Crow Canyon and shortly after in the mountains at Orestimba Creek. You sneered at the idea of their being any such a "critter" in these hills, and were I not better informed, I should sneer too, or else conclude that one of your recent prospecting party had got lost in the wilderness, and did not have sense enough to find his way back to Terry's. I positively assure you that this gorilla or wildman, or whatever you choose to call it is no myth. I

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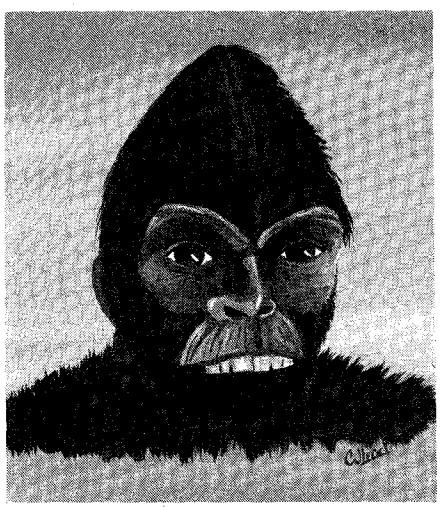

Artist conception of Sasquatch from descriptions of those who have seen him. (From a painting by the author)

know that it exists, and that there are least two of them, having seen them both at once not a year ago. Their existence has been reported at times for the past twenty years, and I have heard it said in early days an ourangoutang (sic) escaped from a ship on the southern coast; but the creature I have seen is not that animal, and if it is, where did he get his mate? Import her as the web-foot did their wives?

"Last fall I was hunting in the mountains about 20 miles south of here, and camped five or six days in one place, as I have done every season for the past fifteen years. Several times I returned to camp, after a hunt, and saw that the ashes and charred sticks from the fireplace had been scattered about. An old hunter notices such things, and very soon gets curious to know the cause. Although my bedding and traps and little stores were not disturbed, as I could see, I was anxious to learn who or what it was that so regularly visited my camp, for clearly the half burnt sticks and cinders could not scatter themselves about. I saw no tracks near the camp, as the hard ground covered with leaves would show none. So I started in a circle around the place, and, three hundred yards off, in damp sand, I struck the track of a man's feet, as I supposed (sic)—bare and of immense size.

"Now I was curious, sure and I resolved to lay for the barefooted visitor. I accordingly took a position on a hillside about sixty or seventy feet from the fire and, securely hid in the brush, I waited and watched. Two hours and more I sat there and wondered if the owner of the feet would come again, and whether he imagined what an interest he had created in my inquiring mind, and finally what possessed him to be prowling about there with no shoes on. The fireplace was on my right, and the spot where I saw the track was on my left, hid by the bushes. It was in this direction my attention was mostly directed, thinking the visitor would appear there, and besides, it was easier to sit and face that way. Suddenly I was surprised by s shrill whistle, such as boys produce with two fingers under their tongue, and turning quickly I ejaculated, "Good God!" as I saw the object of my solicitude standing back beside my fire, erect and (sic) looking suspiciously around. It was in the image of a man, but it could not have been human.

"I was never so benumbed with astonishment before. The creature, whatever it was, stood fully five feet high and disproportionately broad and square at the fore shoulders, with arms of great length. The legs were very short and the body long. The head was small compared to the rest of the creature, and appeared to be set upon his shoulders without a neck. The whole was covered with dark brown and cinnamon colored hair, quite long on some parts, that on the head standing in a shock and growing close down to the eyes, like a Digger Indian's. As I looked he threw his head back and whistled again, and then stopped and grabbed a stick from the fire. This he swung round, until the fire on the end had gone out, when he repeated the manoeuver. I was dumb, almost, and could only look. Fifteen minutes I saw and watched him as he whistled and scattered my fire about. I could easily have put a buttet (sic) through his head but why should I kill him? Having amused himself, apparently, as he desired, with my fire, he started to go, and having gone a short distance he returned, and was joined by another—a female, unmistakeably—when both turned and walked past me, within twenty yards of where I sat, and disappeared in the brush. I could not have had a better opportunity for observing them, as they were unconscious of my presence.

"Their only object in visiting my camp seemed to be to amuse themselves with swinging lighted sticks around. I have heard (related?—Ed.) this story many times since, and it has often raised an incredulous smile but I have met one person who has seen the mysterious creatures, and a dozen of whom have come across their tracks at various places between here and Pacheco Pass."

The *Lane County Leader* of Cottage Grove, Oregon reported on April 7, 1901 that the "Sixes wild man" was seen again.

"At repeated intervals during the past ten years thrilling stores have come from the rugged Sixes mining district in Coos County, Oregon, near Myrtle Point, regarding a wild man or a queer and terrible monster which walks erect and which has been seen by scores of miners and prospectors. The latest freaks of the wild man is related as follows in the last issue of the Myrtle Point Enterprise:

"The appearance again of the "Wild? man" of the Sixes has thrown some of the miners into a state of excitement and fear. A report says the wild man has been seen three times since the 10th of last month. The first appearance occured on "Thompson Flat." Wm. Ward and a young man by the name of Burlison were sitting by the fire of their cabin one night when they heard something walking around the cabin which resembled a man walking and when it came to the corner of the cabin *it took hold of the corner of the cabin and gave the building a vi orous shake* and kept up a freightful noise all the time—the same that has so many times warned the venturesome miners of the approach of the hairy man and caused them to flee in abject fear. Mr. Ward walked to the cabin door and could see the monster plainly as it walked away, and took a shot at it with his rifle, but the bullet went wild

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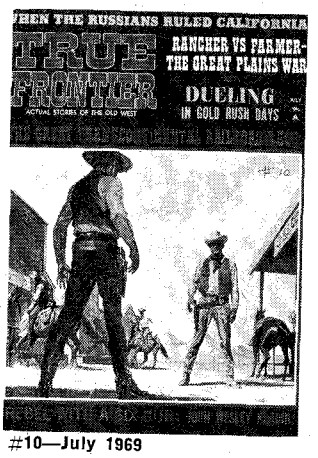

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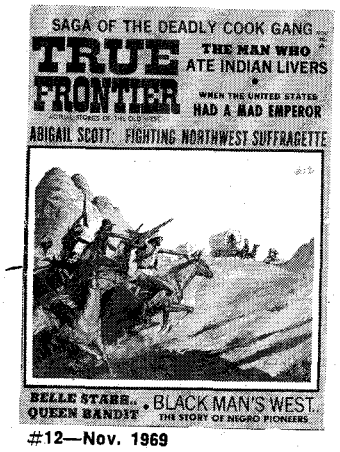
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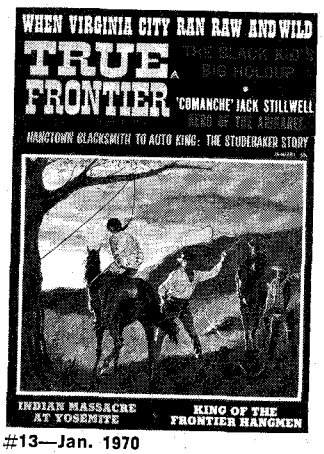
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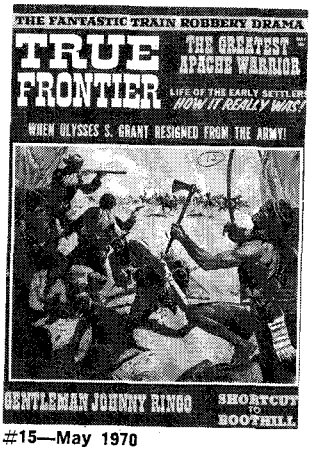
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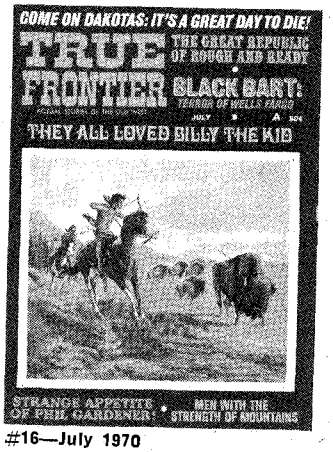
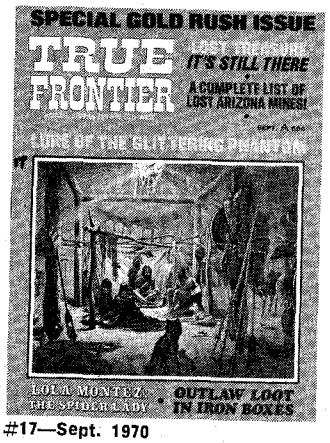
SHORTCUT TO BOOTHILL

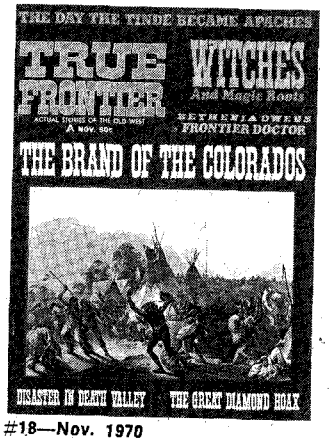
#15—May 1970


COME ON DAKOTAS: IT'S A GREAT DAY TO DIE!
TRUE FRONTIER
THE GREAT REPUBLIC OF ROUGH AND READY
BLACK BART: TERROR OF WELLS FARGO
THEY ALL LOVED BILLY THE KID
STRANGE APPETITE OF ERL GARDNER
MEN WITH THE STRENGTH OF MOUNTAINS

#16—July 1970

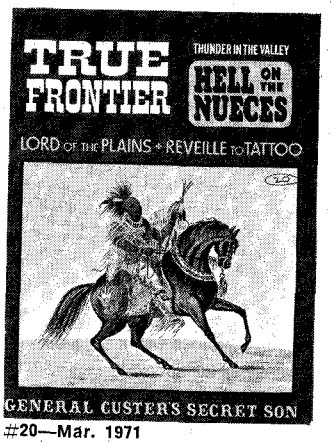

SPECIAL GOLD RUSH ISSUE
TRUE FRONTIER
IT'S STILL THERE
A COMPLETE LIST OF LOST ARIZONA MINES!
LOLA MONTEZ—THE SPIDER LADY
OUTLAW LOOT IN IRON BOXES

#17—Sept. 1970


THE DAY THE TINDE BECAME APACHES
TRUE FRONTIER
WITCHES And Magic Roots
BETHENIA OWENS FRONTIER DOCTOR
THE BRAND OF THE COLORADOS
DISASTER IN DEATH VALLEY
THE GREAT DIAMOND HOAX

#18—Nov. 1970

#19—Jan. 1971



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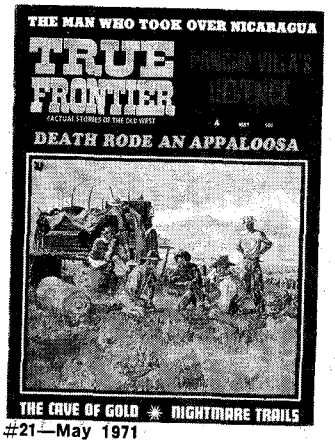
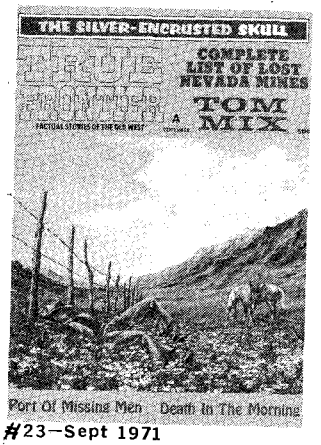


#21—May 1971

#22—July 1971



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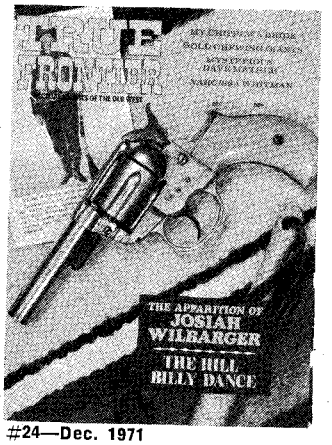

#24—Dec. 1971

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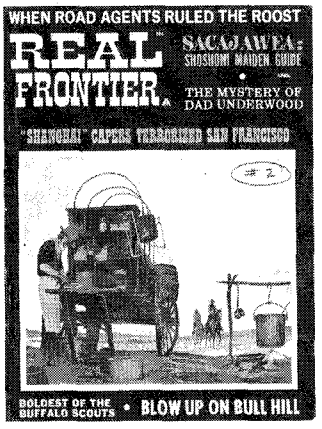
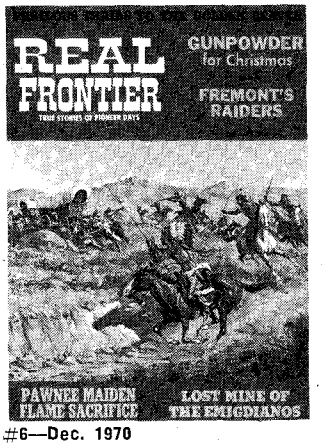
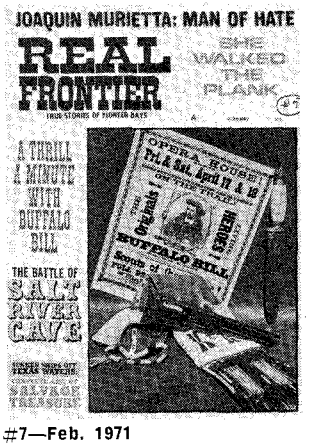
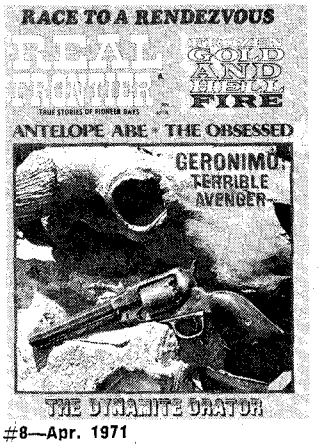
REAL FRONTIER


WHEN ROAD AGENTS RULED THE ROOST
REAL FRONTIER
SACAJAWEA: SHOSHONI MAIDEN GUIDE
THE MYSTERY OF DAD UNDERWOOD
"SHANGHAI" CAPERS TERRORIZED SAN FRANCISCO
BOLDEST OF THE BUFFALO SCOUTS
BLOW UP ON BULL HILL
#2—Apr. 1970



#6—Dec. 1970


JOAQUIN MURIETTA: MAN OF HATE
REAL FRONTIER
SHE WALKED THE PLANK
A THRILL A MINUTE WITH BUFFALO BILL
THE BATTLE OF SALT RIVER CAVE
OPERA HOUSE
BUFFALO BILL
#7—Feb. 1971



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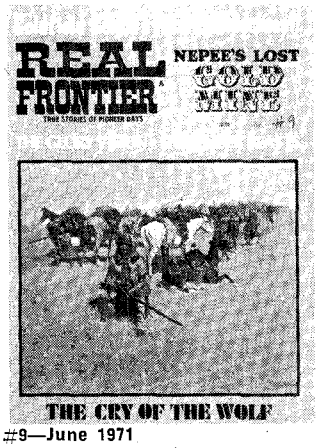

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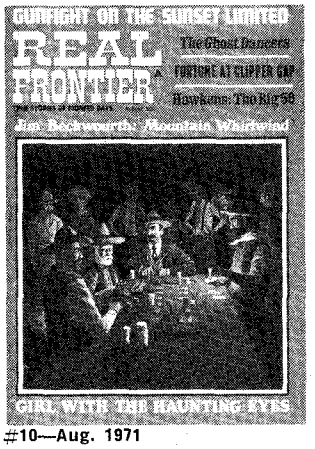

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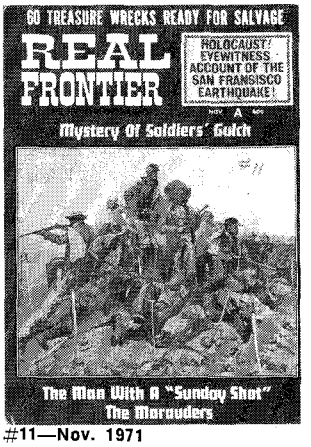
60 TREASURE WRECKS READY FOR SALVAGE
REAL FRONTIER
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The Man With A "Sunday Shot"
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#11—Nov. 1971

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- ☐ #22—July 1971
- ☐ #23—Sept. 1971
- ☐ #24—Dec. 1971

REAL FRONTIER:

- ☐ #2—Apr. 1970
- ☐ #6—Dec. 1970
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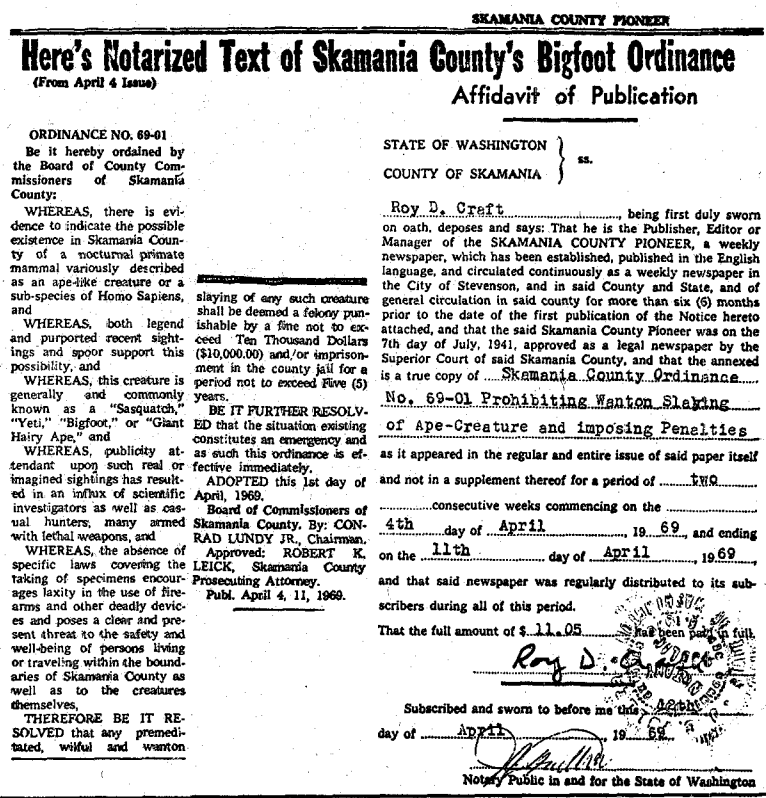

SKAMANIA COUNTY PIONEER

Here's Notarized Text of Skamania County's Bigfoot Ordinance

(From April 4 Issue)

ORDINANCE NO. 69-01

Be it hereby ordained by the Board of County Commissioners of Skamania County:

WHEREAS, there is evidence to indicate the possible existence in Skamania County of a nocturnal primate mammal variously described as an ape-like creature or a sub-species of Homo Sapiens, and

WHEREAS, both legend and purported recent sightings and spoor support this possibility, and

WHEREAS, this creature is generally and commonly known as a "Sasquatch," "Yeti," "Bigfoot," or "Giant Hairy Ape," and

WHEREAS, publicity attendant upon such real or imagined sightings has resulted in an influx of scientific investigators as well as casual hunters, many armed with lethal weapons, and

WHEREAS, the absence of specific laws covering the taking of specimens encourages laxity in the use of firearms and other deadly devices and poses a clear and present threat to the safety and well-being of persons living or traveling within the boundaries of Skamania County as well as to the creatures themselves,

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that any premeditated, wilful and wanton slaying of any such creature shall be deemed a felony punishable by a fine not to exceed Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000.00) and/or imprisonment in the county jail for a period not to exceed Five (5) years.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the situation existing constitutes an emergency and as such this ordinance is effective immediately.

ADOPTED this 1st day of April, 1969.

Board of Commissioners of Skamania County. By: CONRAD LUNDY JR., Chairman.

Approved: ROBERT K. LEICK, Skamania County Prosecuting Attorney.

Publ. April 4, 11, 1969.

Affidavit of Publication

STATE OF WASHINGTON } ss.
COUNTY OF SKAMANIA }

Roy D. Craft, being first duly sworn on oath, deposes and says: That he is the Publisher, Editor or Manager of the SKAMANIA COUNTY PIONEER, a weekly newspaper, which has been established, published in the English language, and circulated continuously as a weekly newspaper in the City of Stevenson, and in said County and State, and of general circulation in said county for more than six (6) months prior to the date of the first publication of the Notice hereto attached, and that the said Skamania County Pioneer was on the 7th day of July, 1941, approved as a legal newspaper by the Superior Court of said Skamania County, and that the annexed is a true copy of Skamania County Ordinance No. 69-01 Prohibiting Wanton Slaying of Ape-Creature and imposing Penalties as it appeared in the regular and entire issue of said paper itself and not in a supplement thereof for a period of two consecutive weeks commencing on the 4th day of April, 19 69, and ending on the 11th day of April, 19 69, and that said newspaper was regularly distributed to its subscribers during all of this period.

That the full amount of $ 11.05 has been paid in full.

Roy D. Craft

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of April, 19 69.

Notary Public in and for the State of Washington

Notarized Dept "Bigfoot" Ordinance 1969

of its mark.

"The last appearance of the animal was at the Harrison cabin only a few days ago. Mr. Ward was at the Harrison cabin this time and again figured in the excitement. About five o'clock in the morning the wild man gave the door of the cabin a vigorous shaking which aroused Ward and one of the Harrison boys who took their guns and started *in to do the intuder* (copied from the clipping and is apparently newspaper error). Ward fired at the man and he answered by sending a four pound rock at Ward's head but his aim was a little too high. He then disappeared in the brush.

"Many of the miners avow that the "wild man" is a reality. They have seen and know whereof they speak. They say he is something after the fashion of a gorilla and unlike anything else either in appearance or action. He can outrun or jump anything else that has ever been known; and not only that but he can throw rocks with wonderful force and accuracy. He is about seven feet high, has broad hands and feet and his body is cover by a prolific growth of hair. In short he looks like the very devil."

None other than Teddy Roosevelt, in 1893, related a story about "Bigfoot" which was told to him by a mountaineer named Bauman. Bauman and his partner, trapping in the mountains between the Salmon and Wisdom Rivers, departed from their usual route and entered a lonely pass that appeared rich with prime beaver. Having a few hours remaining of sunlight, they set up a quick camp, then later, set their traplines further up the creek. Upon their return, they discovered their packs had been ripped open. Too angry to notice the footprints around the campsite, they built a fire and set up another camp.

Later that evening while cooking supper, Bauman commented to his partner that it appeared whatever had visited their camp had been walking around on two feet. Because night had fallen, making visibility impossible, and because the men were too tired to care, the subject was dropped . . . until that night.

Sometime during the night, Bauman awoke smelling a heavy rancid odor, and saw something, vague, but huge, standing near the leanto. By the time Bauman reached for his rifle, the figure was clumsily disappearing through the underbrush. Fearing the unknown intruder might return, the uneasy men slept little the remainder of the night.

The next day upon their return from checking the traplines, again they found the camp destroyed and the telltale evidence of oversized footprints.

After a restless night of standing guard, the trappers decided they had had it. While Bauman brought in the traplines, his partner would break camp. Time passed with Bauman skinning the beaver found in the traplines; he had been gone longer than he had expected.

When he returned to camp, *there was no partner.*

The packs were ready for departure. The camp was broken. With the caution of a mountainman, Bauman searched until he found his partner . . . dead, with a broken neck, and the footprints of a huge animal capable of walking on two feet imprinted in the mud.

Was it the Sasquatch? Or did Bauman and his partner have an argument ending in a killing? If this were the case, surely a more logical alibi could have been found.

Legends, unconfirmed sightings by one or more people, physical evidence of hair and droppings; these are the things the Sasquatch is made of. Only two things can actually prove Bigfoot, Sasquatch, Omah, or Yeti exists: Either a complete skull, or jawbone, or a living, breathing, Bigfoot in all his hairy splendor, in captivity, for scientists to study and acknowledge. Yet Bigfoot for 100 years, and more, has managed to avoid prolonged contact with people.

Dirty, dim-witted, rodent eating, it is also very big; over seven feet tall and over 500 pounds in weight. But then legends are never small.

For compiled, researched books, not found in libraries, for those people who want to read more about the Sasquatch, and recommended reading by the author, these books will stimulate your curiosity and create more questions than answers:

"Year of the Sasquatch" and "On the Track of the Sasquatch" by John Green, available $3 postpaid from Cheam Publishing Ltd., Box 99, Agassiz, B. C. Canada.

To summarize what makes the telltale "Bigfoot" prints:

They are not human. They do not show human mental ability and their size and appearances go beyond human description.

They are omnivorous. They can eat vegetable material man does not eat and they are fond of meat which they are well equipped to obtain.

They can see in the dark. Their eyes reflect in car headlights; the eyes of daylight creatures do not.

They are strong swimmers.

The following characteristics mark them differently from existing apes.

They make a variety of sounds from a steady whistle to a high pitched, powerful scream.

They are hard to kill but being an unknown species the spot that could bring it down and kill it is not known. (It is currently against Skamania County, Washington State ordinance to slay any ape-like creatures)

They are avoiding contact with humans. Because of the rugged country they inhabit, they have been highly successful. ●

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DEATH RIDE OF AN ARGONAUT

(Continued from page 31)

Hansen as the author, and it is now believed that he prepared the account of the Edward Everett's voyage around Cape Horn, including a vivid description of the *chubasco* (hurricane) that struck the ship and almost foundered it.

Correctly or incorrectly, it is logical that Hansen would be the one to write the account for posterity since he was incapacitated. He must have had outside help, however, by reporters who relayed bits of information to him. The chore of writing in ny way hampered his recovery from injuries received during one of the most terrifying storms ever encountered by an argonaut rounding the horn up to that time.

Few men have ever been washed overboard from a ship at sea, returned to the vessels's deck in the same manner, and lived to tell the tale. At least the records are very scanty. This writer's stepfather, Edward Engle, was one of the few. In the United States Navy, during the Spanish American War, Engle was washed overboard from the deck of the U.S.S. Oregon in the English channel, suffering a pair of fractured legs in the encounter with unpredictable seas.

The waterspout was not the only death-dealing obstacle the Edward Everett encountered, beating tis way against obstinate odds, toward the California gold fields. Hansen was kept busy maintaining his diary. At times. a commendable sense of humor crept into his work, as if to alleviate the strain of constant, impending danger.

"Many of us are still seasick, although we are now some 1600 miles out of Boston," he recorded. "We were fed salt mackerel for breakfast this morning. Every available porthole became a necklace for men emptying their stomachs.

"Hotcakes and side meat, salted of course," Hansen continued. "were served us for supper. Again all the portholes became collars for the participants. I am sick and shakey and Parson Benton amazes us all by his ability to eat everything in sight and never get seasick. Maybe he is one of God's chosen people!"

It had been a bitterly cold day in Boston, January 12th, 1849, when the Edward Everett, a full-rigged ship of 800 tons burden and Bedford built, sailed out to sea, bound for California. Her passenger list contained the names of 150 gold-hungry men from all walks of life with but one aim . . . gold. Most all of them were members if a newly-organized enterprise, The Boston-California Mining Company, with Captain Henry Smith president, as well as the Everett's master.

In the holds, the ship carried a cargo of machinery which members of the company planned to use to pioneer steamboat transportation on the Sacramento River from San Francisco, a bold and untried enterprise. Members like Benton. Willard B. Farwell, and William V. Wells could envision riches in transportation in place of actual gold digging. Wells, great grandson of the Revolutionary patriot, Samuel Adams, was one of the company's bran trusters with wide vision. He was also to become a writer of note in later years. None of the 150 men were over thirty, and twelve were still in their teens.

"Unaware that he was writing a prologue to the history of steam navigation on the Sacramento, the diary keeper faithfully, and frankly, recorded life on the Edward Everett" wrote Historian Carroll Douglas Hall in *The Bee.*

The Edward Everett encountered a new experience for the argonauts as suddenly as she had nosed into the hurricane. From one extreme of furious, terrifying seas, she entered another of unbearable heat, stagnation, and an absolutely dead, motionless, world of water... the doldrums.

"I don't know which is the worst," wrote the diarist, "to die of frigid cold in icy water or in awful heat, stinking and stale, with the ship lying motionless and not a single breath of air stirring the sails.

"Below decks the smell is without equal. Top side the planking of the deck steams beneath a boiling sun. When a man walks on the deck his feet create a weird, sticky sound in contact with the syrupy pine pitch oozing from the planking. Drinking water in the beakers became putrid overnight. Food stores came alive with vermin. Men dropped like flies from prostration and the cook was ordered to boil all water before we drank it. But the heat of the galley was too much for him and he died of sheer funk."

As the days passed and the ship lay in her own effluvium, not even a shark could be seen in the glass-like sea. Nor was there a single wing in the bronze, furnace of sky. All life below and above the quiet sea seemed to have abandoned the area . . . or never had been there to begin with. It was like being in another world where life was absent.

The tedium preyed upon the nerves of everyone aboard. The Captain, usually friendly and affable, becam esuddenly a tyrant. God fearing, generous, Reverend Benton wandered over the ship's top deck with head down, lips moving but saying nothing. His boots picked up the pine pitch from the plank with monotonous regularity, the world's only sound.

"Sit down or jump overboard, you fool!" Farwell shot at him from the doubtful shade of a slack mizzen.

"Keep faith, brother," was all Benton said, and he kept stalking the deck like a caged animal.

A deckhand, his bare feet picking up pitch at each step, accidentally bumped the Second Luff.

"Sorry ,sir," the hand apologized and was knocked senseless with a belaying pin. Furiously the skipper bore down on the Mate with a bared cutless in his grasp.

"I'll have no cruelty aboard my ship!" Smith yelled. He laid the sharp blade along the side of the Mate's head. "One more stunt like that and I'll have your ears!"

Intentionally, he brought the officer's blood when he drew the blade down lightly. Perhaps an outright killing was averted when a brisk gust of wind struck the ship's canvas. The Edward Everett heeled. New life was born aboard the windjammer. Feuds were suddenly forgotten, grievances non-existant. The ship slid out of the doldrums on oil-like water after nine days of privation and miasmic torture for all aboard. She once more undertook her long voyage in the northerly direction toward San Francisco.

Again and again she ploughed into heavy seas. Part of the starboard rail was carried away off the coast of South America. A hatch cover was skimmed off the deck by heavy seas, and sent crashing. All ventilation was suddenly cut off from the passenger quarters below. Water poured into the open hatch, and men were ordered to the pumps.

By now, Hansen was moving about on crutches made for him by Bo'sun McCain. His ankles were still in splints, and Benton inspected them daily. Off Lower California the splints were removed.

"Don't try any jiggin', plain or fancy," Benton warned his patient. "Keep your ankles bandaged tightly until we arrive at San Francisco."

"Thanks, Reverend," Hansen was grateful. "I was just gonna' get the Bo's un to teach me the sailor's hornpipe. After what we been through on this trip, you can count on me attendin' your church in Sacramento if you ever build once." The reverend did, but if Hansen ever attended, no record is available. The diary told of the bedbugs that pervaded the ship in a population explosion, evidently encouraged by the fetid heat of the doldrums. They were suddenly everywhere, like raisins, in the cornmeal

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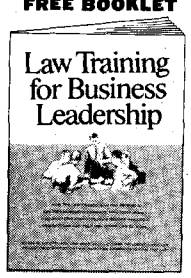

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mush and the plum duff. Everyone aboard was pestered by the insects until Bill Wells conceived the idea of spraying the inside of the ship with kerosene.

This was done but it made the captain furious. Afraid of fire, he issued terse orders:

"No more smoking below the main deck!" Ten lashes would go to any man caught violating the edict. The kerosene fumes were deadly.

A harrowing experience greeted the ship and argonauts when the Edward Everett reached the craggy islands off San Francisco's Golden Gate. The Pacific was in tremendous tumult with heavy seas running and breaking, pitching the ship like a cork. There is no available record of Captain Smith ever having navigated the passage through the Golden Gate previously. But now he had no choice. Without benefit of a professional pilot, he set a course and took the wheel himself.

Seas lifted high off the port quarter and crashed down upon the deck with the thunder of a thousand cannon. Every inch of the ship was battened down. Smith fought the wheel alone, lashed to the binnacle. Then, suddenly, following seas took control of the ship.

Mountainous combers built up astern. The ship slid down into the throughs with a flabby rudder until Smith called for more sail to give him way. Then the Edward Everett was pounding through the Golden Gate into the comparatively quiet waters of San Francisco Bay. It was Captain Smith's moment of triumph and he gloried in the congratulations heaped upon him, and justifiably so.

It was on July 6th, a harrowing 175 days out of Boston, that she dropped her mudhook just off Yerba Buena. The harbor was already crammed with sailing ships of every design and size. Most of them were already abandoned, their crews scuttling, by any and all means available, in the direction of the gold diggings.

Almost half of the Everett's passenger list joined most of the crew in a grand rush up the Sacramento in small boats to get in on the ground floor of the gold stampede. The remainder agreed to assist the mining company leaders in constructing the initial steamboat to challenge the tricky Sacramento. The Everett was moved over to Benecia for the purpose of unloading the machinery and for the boat-building chore.

Hansen and several others, on Sunday, July 15th, went searching for virgin timber. At that time, the region was well-nigh covered with stands of white oaks. According to Hansen, and others, you never could be sure a grizzly, or two, was not munching acorns in the deep thickets. One was certain to scare up tule elks, pronghorn antelope, and California brown bears in almost any direction. The grizzlies, however, were a constant menace. So were the mosquitoes, thriving in swarms.

Indian villages were much in evidence. Some of the Indians were hostile; others friendly. However the timber cruisers trusted none of them, and kept their powder dry.

Hansen and his men then took a boat and worked it up the Sacramento, teeming then with migrating salmon. They made soundings and surveys, reaching Sacramento City (then New Helvetia) early in the afternnon of the 25th. They found the town booming and larger than San Francisco (then Yerba Buena), There, the men who jumped ship from the Everett were still waiting for wagons and outfits to take them into the gold fields, some 30 miles away. A few had gone to work at $1.00 an hour for additionsl grubstake. The Everett's cooper was working in the blacksmith shop at the unheard-of wage of $250.00 per day!

"All the gold," averred Hansen. "is not in the gold fields. It is anywhere you want to find it."

Taking advantage of the Sacramento's respectable current, Hansen and his crew "literally flew" back to Benecia, graciously carrying Sacramento's cargo of mail bound for San Francisco. They arrived on July 26th just in time to watch the launching of the steamboat. She was christened The Pioneer when a keg of port wine was broen. Reverend Benton joined all the others in the toasts. The callouses on his strong hands were evidence of his part in the project.

Rough, tough, two-fisted, men liked a man of Benton's character; preacher or not. He could join in with the best of them for fight or frolic and still maintain the dignity of his calling.

The Pioneer was 56 feet in length, not too much under that of the Edward Everett. Shallow draft, she had a beam of 15 feet. Its engine, nursed all the way from Boston and polished regularly to keep down the rust of seawashed decks, could develop 10 to 15 horsepower, ample to overcome the Sacramento's current, even at flood stage.

By August 9 the Pioneer was comjoyous moment for all concerned. Now pletely outfitted and found. It was a joyous moment for all concerned. Now she was ready for her trial run and the directors chose Suisun (Soosoon) Bay. Placed in command was William Wells. Alfred Procter served as the engineer with S.P. Barker as his second.

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a day of jollification during which whiskey was the fuel that kept up steam on shore long after the fires had gone out under the boilers of the Pioneer."

Bad luck dogged the Boston-California Mining Company almost from the start of its efforts in the chosen Mokelumne district of the gold fields. Hansen was evidently there to record the undertaking.

"Ninety of us were in the mines," the diarist wrote. "The gold take was very pood. We took a vote whether to continue or quit. Eighty-seven declared for discontinuing the mining efforts."

The company was in debt to the tune of upward of $3,000, and had dug only $800 worth of gold. By now the Mother Lode was overrun with miners. To liquidate, the directors sold the Pioneer to Simmons, Hutchinson & Company, merchants, for $6,000. What became of her thereafter is legendary, lacking verification. Farwell claimed she was lost on the Feather River. Nevada City quartz miners, according to Historian Hubert Bancroft, used her machinery to operate the first steam stamp mill in California and the hull was used 20 miles

The Pioneer navigated perfectly on quiet water. On Suisun Bay, however, she wallowed in the heavy swells which sometimes matched those of the open Pacific ocean. B UT she proved herself seaworthy, with the strength required to run the moody Sacramento.

With full cargo of everything from muskemellons at $1.00 each to $2.00 cucumbers, from saleratus at $6.00 per pound to salt at $1.00, the Pioneer headed up the river on August 17th, 1849. The price per passenger was $16.00 one way, nothing provided. Men with shallow purses bound for the gold diggings had to scratch hard to get there.

Hansen was not among those making the maiden voyage of the Pioneer up the Sacramento. Willard Farwell, the company's secretary, recorded a log of the trip.

"We reached Sacramento on the morning of the 19th," he wrote. "The steamwhistle was sounding as we approached. The whole town came alive and soon assembled upon the river bank to witness the arrival of a steamboat on the Sacramento. The arrival ushered in up the Sacramento, at Fremont as a ferry boat.

Sacramento City records of 1851, however, report that the Pioneer arrived from Benecia and was immediately sold. She finished out the season running between Sacramento and Vernon "when at last she was used up."

Perhaps she was used up. But competition became rife on the Sacramento. Larger boats, side-wheelers, paddle-wheelers and steam powered scows came into the river trade. Some flourished. Others failed.

The elegant *Delta King, tied up today* at Sacramento, is ample evidence to pioneer intrepidity, Yankee enterprise, and inventive genius.

The "Gold Boat" era, when they were built with special construction to cope with the weight of fabulous gold shipments from the Mother Lode, passed into the limbo with the introduction of her Iron Horse and steel rails. Many of the old boats rot today on the mudflats of the Oakland Estuary. ●

COLONEL DONIPHAN'S JOURNEY OF DEATH

(Continued from page 33)

the gateway into the heart of Mexico.

For the next forty-two days, Doniphan then operated out of El Paso against the New Mexico Indian tribes: Navajos, Zunis, Apaches, Utes. The colonel and his men plodded through bitter cold and knee-deep snows to pressure Indian leaders into submission. They had dragged cannon and supply wagons over rugged mountains. The vigorous treks with all that equipment amazed the Indians. They reacted fearfully to Doniphan's appearance, despite their supperior numbers. When the authoritative Doniphan offered the Indians peace or war, the Indians were not sure they could beat these hardy, aggressive Missourians, even though the Indians outnumbered Doniphan's men by ten fold. The Indians agreed to peace terms that brought safety and security to New Mexico.

Alexander Doniphan now prepared to move south across the Rio Grande into Mexico itself. He was aching for another fight against Mexican troops. However, he received disappointing news from General Kearney, who was now halfway to California with another wing of the Army of the West. Kearney informed Doniphan by express (courier) that General James Wool, in charge of the third force of the Army of the West, had been sweeping westward from the Gulf of Mexico. According to Kearney, General Wool had captured Matamoras, Monterey, and Saltillo. Wool was now closing in on Chihuahua. So, Doniphan's next mission would entail no fighting. He was simply to march south to Chihuahua, link up with Wool, and complete the pincer that would seal off all the northern Mexican territories.

On February 8, 1847, Doniphan and his Missourians left El Paso for the 245 mile advance to Chihuahua. However, Doniphan had underestimated the hostility of the Paso del Norde. A trek over the trail was commonly called a *Journada del Muerto, a Journey of Death.* The terrain was harsh and desert-like. All along the hot, tiresome route, the regiment found little water. The throbbing sun wilted their bodies, and the dry, cracked earth felt like rough cobblestones under them. Each passing day had brought more fatigue to the plodding mounted Missourians. Their eagerness for a fight disappeared. The men wanted only to reach Chihuahua where General Wool could offer them rest, food, water, and medical attention. When the Americans found, instead, 5,000 waiting troops of the enemy, the Missourians were shocked.

The very idea of a fight after the exhausting *journada del Muerto* seemed ridiculous. The gruelling march from El Paso had left the Americans with blistered feet, body sores, fever, hunger, and low morale. The mules and horses were so weak they could not move themselves, much less carry men or pull wagons. And, if the unexpected Mexican army was not enough, the Missourians received a second shock on this same morning of February 28, 1847. A courier had made it through Mexican lines with a message from Genera James Wool. The general was hemmed in at Saltillo, unable to advance further. In fact, General Wool was even contemplating a retreat back to the Gulf of Mexico. No doubt, General Kearney was already heading into California, hundreds of miles to the northwest. So, Doniphan could expect no help.

The odds so heavily favored General Jose Heredia that Heredia's troops had brought along chains and handcuffs with which to march American prisoners through the streets of Chihuahua. Civilians from the city . . . men, women, and rancheros . . . had occupied ringside seats on some of the surrounding ridges to watch the annihilation of the Missouri volunteers.

Doniphan's 950 tired men and ten artillery pieces were no match for General Heredia's 4250 fresh troops and twenty cannon. Worse, Doniphan lay in a barren pass with only hostile wasteland behind him. Heredia, however, lay in twenty-eight strong redoubts and entrenchments with the friendly, well-stocked city of Chihuahua only eighteen miles to his rear.

Some of Doniphan's staff wanted to retreat to El Paso, but Doniphan shook his head. How could exhausted deer escape a hungry wolf pack? Besides, Governor Trias' proclamation was clear: annihilate these invading Americans. The

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Mexican governor had made no distinction between annihilating the Americans in a head to head fight or in a chase up the Paso del Norde.

Besides, the rugged Alexander Doniphan was confident because he had learned something about his men since leaving Missouri. The best came out in them when he called upon their courage. Perhaps a touch of vanity lay in Doniphan's blustery self-confidence, but he was certain that determination would prevail among his men if they attacked the heavily defended Mexican redoubts. He equally suspected that disorganization and panic might reign if he chose to retreat. Disaster wou follow; the Missouri volunteers would most certainly be annihilated in the hostile Paso del Norde.

When Colonel Alexander Doniphan left his tent, he looked at Captain Richard Weightman, his artillery officer. "Are the field pieces in good condition, Captain?"

"Yes Sir," Weightman answered.

Doniphan turned to the rest of his staff. "All right, let's figure out how we're going to hit that mess of Mexicans."

Within an hour, the colonel was leading a long parade southward: 340 wagons, ten howitzer pieces, 400 mounted calvalry, two hundred foot soldiers, and 350 teamsters. When Doniphan came within three miles of the Sacramento redoubts, he ordered Sgt. Frank Edwards to reconnoiter the Mexican positions. The sergeant and three of his scouts crouched forward and shimmied up a rugged cliff. Here, they studied the Mexican positions through telescopes.

The sight overwhelmed Edwards and the others. A frontal charge against these strong entrenchments would be suicide. However, Doniphan insisted on attacking the Sacramento defenses regardless of the odds. So, Sgt. Frand Edwards' only choice was to find the best way to do it.

Edwards noticed that the ground to the left of the Sacremento defenses sloped to a narrow valley and then the ground curved upwards into a grassy mesa on the other side. If the Missourians could reach this mesa, they could avoid a headon charge uphill. Instead, they could strike the Mexican defenses from an exposed left flank.

For a moment, Edwards and his scouts wondered why the Mexicans had not covered this grassy mesa. But then Edwards noticed the deep, impassable ravine between the grassy mesa and the trail snaking through the Paso del Norde. Supplies and cannon could never reach this grassland mesa from the road . . . or could they?

Colonel Doniphan gloated with satisfaction over Frank Edwards' report. When the sergeant recommended that they fill in the ravine and then cross it, the commander of the Missouri regiment quickly agreed.

For the next several hours, shovels and picks became the weapons of the Missouri volunteers. Despite their tired state, the men worked feverishly to fill in the gully and pack the layers of dirt. Then, carefully, the men led wagons, cannon, and animals over the soft earth. Next, the muscle-sore troops cajoled and whipped the mules and horses up the sloping plain to the west. By early afternoon, the grunting and groaning troops had reached the grassland mesa, with animals and equipment.

The Missourians took up positions some 900 yards from the nearest Mexican entrechments. In the center were Captain Richard Weightman's ten artillery pieces. Four companies of mounted cavalry, under Lt. Col. Merideth Mitchell, flanked the cannon. The infantry stood in reserve while the wagons lay in a defensive circle some 500 yards behind the cannon.

Meanwhile, Doniphan had left a small detachment of mounted men and a few wagons to continue through the pass as a decoy. Doniphan hoped that the entrenched Mexicans would look upon this small force as the advance guard of the Doniphan Expedition.

The Mexicans took the bait. General Jose Heredia aimed his artillery pieces at the short American column clattering through the pass. Captain Weightman, meanwhile, trained his ten howitzers on the Mexican entrenchments. When General Heredia thought the psuedo advance guard had come into range, he loosened a barrage of cannon balls into the pass. The decoy force, however, remained out of cannon ball range. Then, as Heredia's gun ners prepared for another barrage, Doniphan signaled to Captain Weightman.

The artillery officer nodded and turned to his gunners. "Fire at will!"

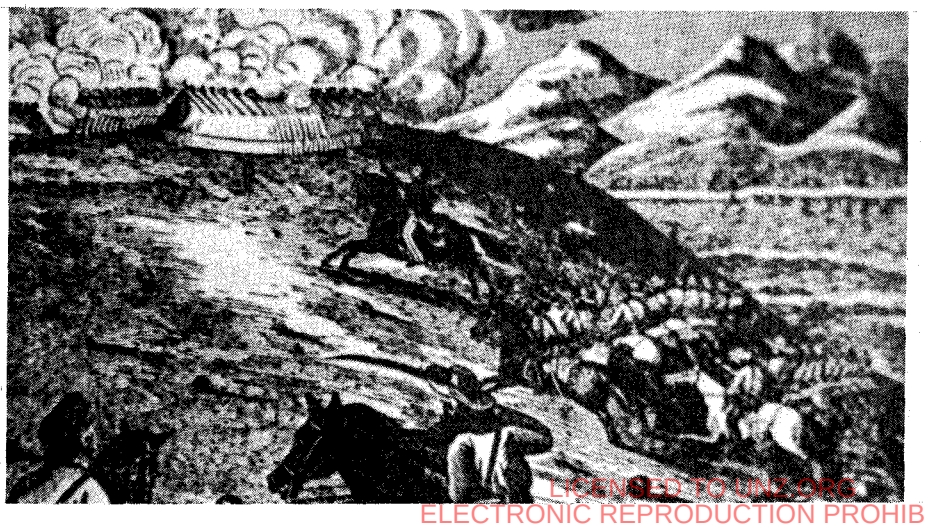
Thus, at 3:00 PM, the afternoon of February 28, 1847, began the fantastic battle at Sacramento: a handful of tired men against 4250 well-armed, well-entrenched Mexican troops. The American gunners displayed uncanny accuracy and, when the first barrage tore into the Mexican redoubts, the shock of the unexpected attack threw the entrenched infantry troops into confusion. A second barrage from Weightman's howitzers not only tore up more redoubts but, also, panicked the Mexican cavalry horses. The animals, as yet riderless, broke tether lines and stampeded wildly through the entrenchments, leaving both the Mexican cavalry troops and the Mexican infantry soldiers in a state of disorder.

Colonel Doniphan himself sat crosslegged on a chestnut charger, calmly whittling a piece of wood, while his cannoneers sent barrages of grapeshot into the enemy ranks. Then, when the colonel felt that his cannon enfilades had created enough turmoil within the Mexican ranks, Doniphan quickly saddled up, kicked the flanks of his horse, and moved forward to order a cavalry charge. Lt. Col. Meredith Mitchell bolted ahead, sabre swinging, with 400 mounted men riding after him. Mitchell led one group towards the entrenchments, while Captain John Reid's mounted men galloped up the slopes to the battered redoubts.

Within an hour, after repelling several futile counter-attacks, the Missourians had ripped through the entrenchments and sent Heredia's men fleeing in panic. One troop from Mitchell's mounted forces had veered to the right to overrun the Mexican artillery batteries. The sight of galloping steeds so rattled the already stunned Mexican gunners, that Heredia's artillerymen left their posts and scurried off the Sacramento ridges.

Major William Gilpin, meanwhile,

Captain Reid's charge against the redoubts at Sacramento where Doniphan won an astonishing victory against five to one odds. The victory here was the beginning of the end for Mexico during the Mexican War.



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had led the 200 American infantry soldiers behind the Sacramento redoubts and scaled a steep crest. They reached the heights almost unnoticed because of the din and confusion from the American artillery barrage and the American cavalry charges.

At 5 PM, Gilpin and his foot soldiers slammed into the rear of the Mexican defenses. One company, under Captain John Hughes, successfully stormed the remaining Mexican artillery pieces. The final assault by Major Gilpin's infantry broke the back of the Mexican defense. By dark, General Jose Heredia's routed troops had scattered in every direction. Some had darted into the hills, while others stampeded back to the city of Chihuahua.

The three-hour conflict left the battlefield littered with dead, and dying, soldiers. General Heredia had lost 300 who were killed, and as many more wounded. The Americans had taken fifty prisoners, along with the enemy's entire artillery, twenty wagons, and masses of ammunition and supplies.

The next morning, expecting another fight, Doniphan marched cautiously towards the city of Chihuahua. The colonel was certain the Mexicans would regroup and make another stand. After all, the bulk of Heredia's 4250 men had escaped, while Doniphan's own small force had suffered twenty dead and several dozen wounded in the fight on the Sacramento heights.

However, the Missourians did not meet a single Mexican soldier during the uneasy fifteen mile journey to Chihuahua. In fact, Doniphan and his men marched into the city without resistance. The surprised Americans found no sign of General Heredia, Governor Trias, or any other Mexican official. They saw no Mexican soldiers. All had apparently fled south.

The tall, self-assured Doniphan quartered his men in the public buildings of the city and then issued a proclamation to the frightened residents of Chihuahua: "The commander of the occupation forces in Chihuahua informs all citizens to return to their homes and to continue their ordinary occupations. Their security, persons, religions, and property shall be respected."

Doniphan thus showed a remarkable sympathy for the terrified, unarmed, civilians who were now at the mercy of Doniphan and his men. However, the colonel obviously understood his responsibilities. And anyway, a man who had spent his life defending the weak was not likely to harm the weak of Chihuahua. Besides the proclamation, Doniphan also warned his men not to molest the citizens or to rob them of goods or property. The Missouri volunteers abided by the colonel's order.

The Doniphan Expedition plods over the "Journada del Muerto," the torturous 245 miles from El Paso to Chihuahua. (From an old print in the Hughes Diary).

For many years, historians have tried to analyze the Battle of Sacramento on February 28, 1847. How could this small American force, tired and exhausted after the bruelling *Journado del Muerto from El Paso, win the Battle* of Sacramento? From the standpoint of position and strength, the Mexicans held an overwhelming superiority.

Perhaps the surprise appearance of Doniphan on the grassy mesa caused a shock that shifted the psychological advantage to the Americans. No doubt the accurate grapshot barrages from Captain Weightman's howitzers, rattled numerically superior Mexicans. Further, the stampede of the Mexican cavalry horses did not help. Also, the bursting American cavalry charge into the enemy redoubts triggered a disorganized retreat by the panicked Mexicans. Too, the rear assault by Major William Gilpin's infantry obviously hastened a hysterical stampede and ruined any chance for an effective counterattack.

However, military strategy alone could not account for the remarkable victory. Alexander Doniphan himself was probably the most vital element in the astonishing Mexican defeat. The brazen lawyer from Liberty, Missouri, never doubted for a moment that he and his men could pull off this miracle on the Sacramento heights. His calm confidence had obviously rubbed off on his men who, despite their near exhaustion, responded with a mental courage that overcame physical weakness. The Mexicans, in turn, had already been spanked several times during the Doniphan Expedition into Mexico. The enemy may have felt doubt from the start, regardless of their overwhelming numbers.

The loss of Chihuahua in late February of 1847 marked the beginning of the end for Mexico above the Rio Grande. After securing the city, Doniphan led his columns eastward on a 400 mile march to relieve the beleagured General Wool. When the Missouri regiment reached Saltille on May 22, 1847, Doniphan was greeted by a flabbergasted General Wool. The general had been certain that Heredia's army had probably destroyed the Doniphan Expedition. Wool had already made preparations to retreat eastward. With the Missouri regiment reinforcements, however, he strengthened his hold on Saltillo and discouraged any Mexican attack on his forces.

Together with Taylor's victory at Buena Vista, the victory at Chihuahua and the link up of Doniphan and Woll, had sealed off the northern Mexican territories. Soon after, Mexico sued for peace terms and ceded all territories north of the Rio Grande to the United States.

On June 1, 1847, Colonel Alexander Doniphan and his 1st Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, boarded the steamers *Murillo and Republic and sailed for* New Orleans to be discharged from service. The Missourians who had started west-ward from Independence, Missouri, in June of 1846, had covered a circuit of almost 3600 miles. Besides winning peace terms from the New Mexico Indians, Doniphan had also won major victories at Santa Fe, El Paso, and Chihuahua—despite superior numbers in each of the engagements.

"Doniphans's victory at Chihuahua undoubtedly shortened the Mexican War," wrote General Stephen Kearney in his biography.

William Cullan Bryant, America's famed writer and poet of the 19th Century, wrote of the Doniphan Expedition: "Xenophon and Doniphan . . . these were two military commanders who made the most extraordinary marches in the annals of their times. After a long march through Asia Minor, Xenophon defeated Cyrus to win Asia Miner for Greece. Colonel Doniphan now imitates the example of Xenophon and gives the world as charming and as perfect an expedition as had the latter many centuries before. ●

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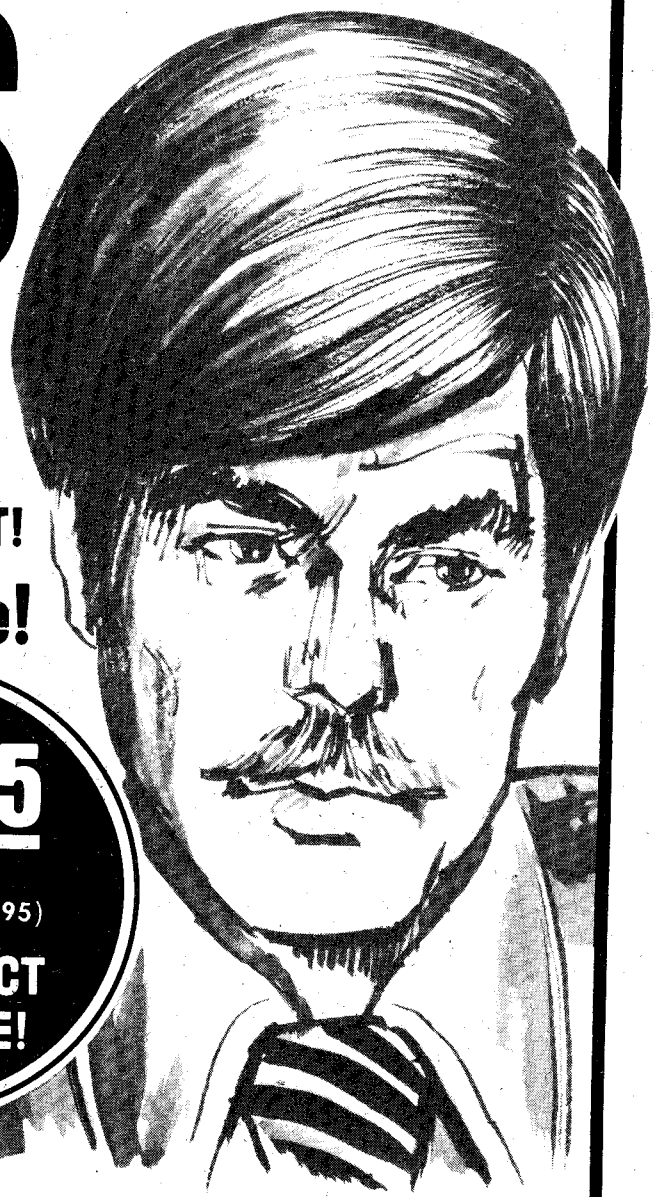

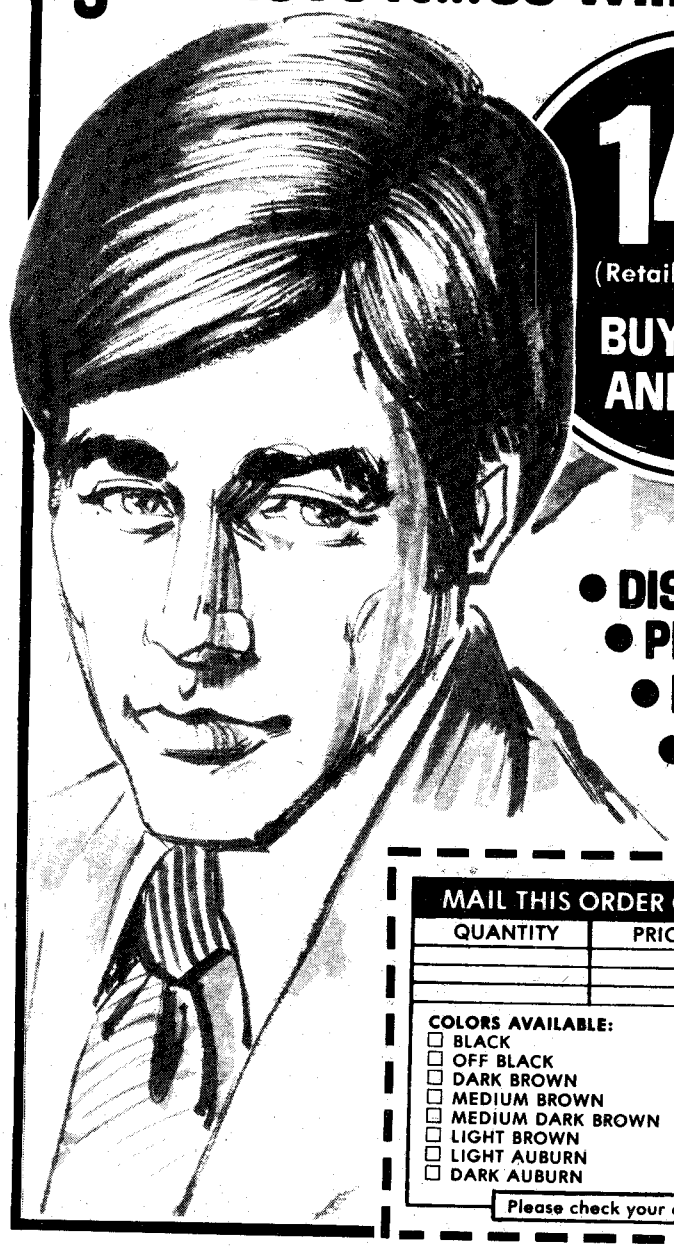

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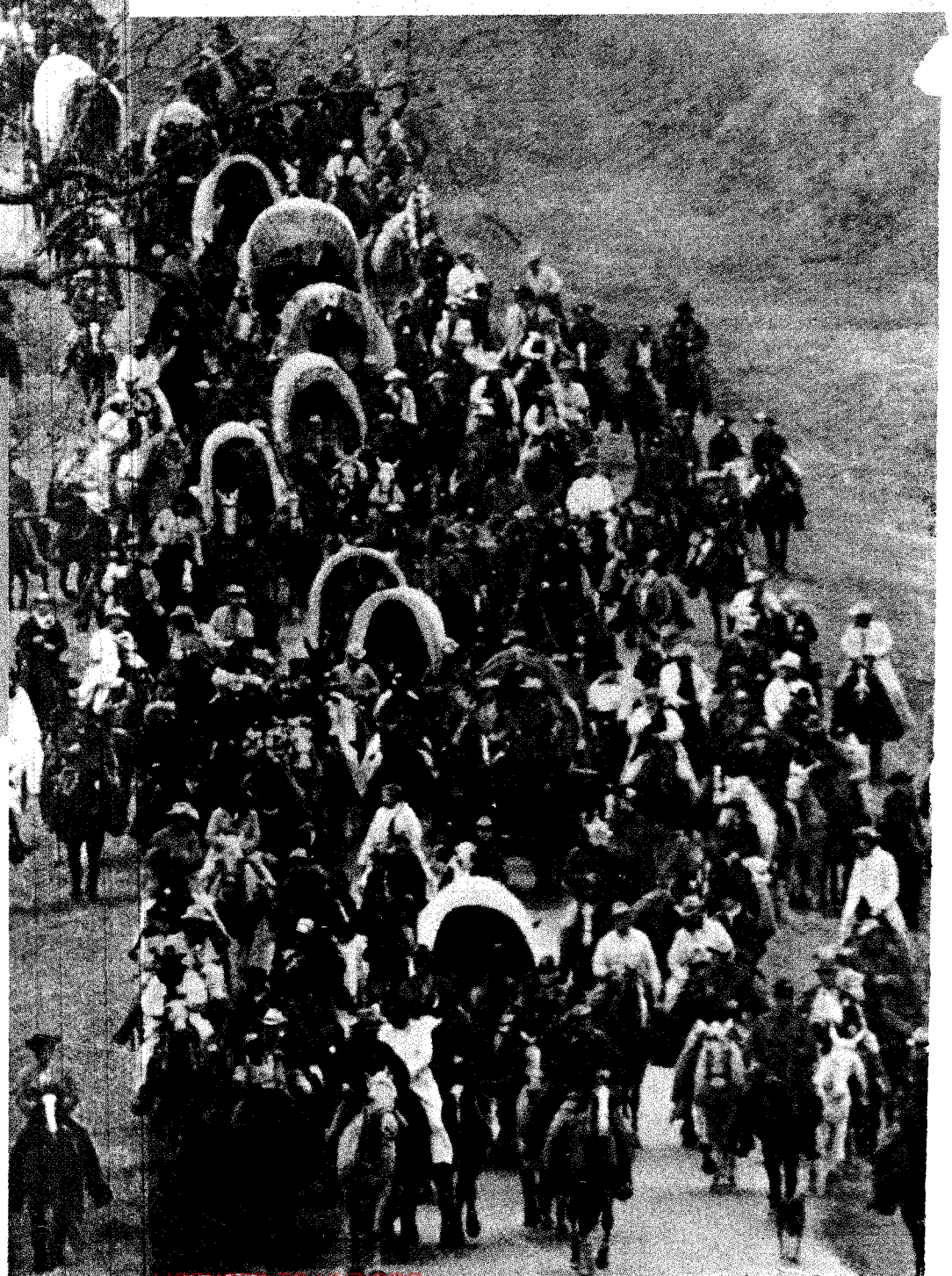

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